BOYER MUSIC PRIMER

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

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BOYER MUSIC PRIMER

AN ELEMENTARY TEXT IN SIGHT-SINGING

BY

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

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PREFACE

The teaching of elementary-school music has had two major aims in view: first, inculcating a love and desire for good music, and second, developing in the pupil the ability to read a melody at sight much as he reads a sentence in a book or newspaper.

Most students of the problem are agreed that these aims are the correct ones, but they are also agreed that neither of them has been realized thus far to any startling degree. Few elementary-school pupils not trained elsewhere are able to distinguish between good and bad music, and fewer still are able to read a melody at sight. The truth of this can be tested very easily in any average eighth grade.

It is apparent, therefore, that new books in this field will resemble the old in their statement of aims, and such differences as they may have, will be in the methodology that looks toward a greater realization of these aims, rather than in the aims themselves.

The songs in this book have been carefully chosen and adapted to the primary-school child. The lyrics are child classics drawn from Mother Goose, Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field, and others, and the melodies in most cases have an equally distinguished source. The ideal song consists of a solidly beautiful melody "married to immortal verse." In their simple way, these little songs follow the above formula, and therefore are well suited to develop that subconscious discrimination between the beautiful and the ugly that we call appreciation.

It is, however, in the realization of the second aim—the teaching of sight-singing—that this Primer hopes to do its best work. Of course, in the development of any skill—and reading of words or music is a skill—the teaching process or method is more important than the material itself. Still the material must lend itself to the proper method, or as in this case, must be the outgrowth of the method itself.

These songs and exercises are both the cause and the result of a successful pedagogy of sight-singing in public schools. Used with the method outlined in the "Instructions to Teachers," they are at the present moment developing thousands of fluent sight-readers among public school children. And as a result of classroom testing and criticism, they have been frequently revised in order that they might be even more practical and better fitted for every-day school conditions.

PREFACE

One great idea that has actuated the author in choosing his material, arranging the order, and directing the manner of its printing, has been to provide conditions that will force or assist real sight-reading. For this reason, the same Mother Goose rime appears in different melodic settings. The child should be led to see that the notes on the staff provide the key to the mystery. The appearance of the songs on the page has been simplified in order to eliminate as many distractions as possible. Note the regularity in the spacing of the different measures, and the simple exercises at the top of the page. These features should assist the child in doing the all-important thing in sight-singing—reading the melodic progression.

However, the entire content of the book will be found of value in any course of study and can be used with any method devised by the local music supervisor.

The author wishes to record here his gratitude to Charles Scribner's Sons and to Scott, Foresman and Company for permission to use copyrighted material, to Houghton Mifflin Company for the poem "The Way of Life," by Josephine Preston Peabody, and to numerous teachers in the schools of Portland, Oregon, for invaluable services in testing out and criticizing songs and exercises.

W. H. BOYER.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

It is of course understood that the detailed method to be employed by any teacher who uses this book, is the one prescribed by the local supervisor of music. The writer does not intend in any way to usurp his prerogative. These suggestions are designed merely to provoke thought and to sketch in the briefest fashion some aspects of a method that has proven quite successful in the author's own schools.

It has always seemed an anomaly that our children should do so well in reading literature and so poorly in reading music. At the end of the first year of school almost every child can read Mother Goose rimes and simple fairy stories at sight with fluency and expression. On the other hand, few if any of our pupils even in the eighth grade can do the same thing with the simplest Mother Goose melody.

Comparison of Singing and Reading

Why should this be so? Both tasks involve the same kind of skill. Both are based on the same principles of translating sight into sound. Both find the child equally interested in the beginning and both are given a great deal of time in the school program. In fact the ability to read musical printing should be the easier to train because in music the phonic elements are fewer and the vocabulary of phonic combinations infinitely smaller. In reading, there are more phonic elements than letters of the alphabet, to say nothing of numerous exceptions to the equally numerous rules, and as for phonic combinations, Webster's *Unabridged* does not contain all of them.

A Suggestion

No categorical answer will be attempted here to the "why" of our failure to teach music reading. Only this suggestion will be made. If teachers have been highly successful in teaching one kind of reading and not at all successful in teaching a similar kind, why not borrow the pedagogy of the success and apply it to the failure? It seems reasonable to do so, and that is precisely what the writer is suggesting here.

Usual Method of Teaching Literary Reading

Let us follow for a moment the method used in any good primary reading class. The first lessons usually consist of unison and individual recitation of some Mother Goose story. The children fix in their minds not only the content of the story, but a little later even the exact wording. Then follows a short period of word study without any attempt at phonetic analysis or drill. In this way the children learn to locate certain words in the story until they acquire a small vocabulary of sight words.

Following this the teacher starts drill on the simplest and most common phonic elements, but the lessons are

given separately from those in reading. The phonic work is to develop mastery over words. The content matter is for thought-getting and from the very first, proper expression and fluent rendition are demanded.

Phonics

It is important to note the method used in presenting the phonics. In other days we had to learn the names of the letters in addition to their sounds, and also numerous exceptions to the preliminary rules. Now the phonics are presented in the simplest form—without capitals, without alphabetic names, without, until much later, any exceptions. Nothing is taught that is not actually used in the immediate process of getting the sound. All technicality is eliminated, until the need for it creates a motive for learning it. Gradually, much phonic drill and even more drill in content reading give the student that automatic command over the printed page which clears the road for literary appreciation.

Rote Singing

Now observe the parallelism between this approved method of teaching sentence reading and the newer method of teaching music reading. We start first with unison rote singing until the class has a considerable repertoire. Some of the songs in this repertoire have been carefully selected to be used for more detailed analysis. From the start the teacher insists on expression, and where rhythm is especially pronounced, on physical as well as emotional response.

Then some one of the songs is taken up for analysis. Without befogging the child with any unnecessary technicalities, he is trained to listen to his own singing, to detect when the melody stays on the same level or goes up or down. Similarly he is taught to distinguish between the two fundamental types of rhythm—the "doubles" and the "triples"—and to classify all variations according to these two.

Musical Phonics

The music method has now progressed as far as the recognition of sight words in the reading method. We are ready for phonics. These in music are comparable to the usual intervals. Here is just the place where the older method of teaching sight-singing is at fault. In reading, the new phonics taught are immediately used in words, and the words in sentences. In music, much attention was paid to unrelated intervals without adequate practice on the phrase and melody. As a result many students were able to sing the intervals when they were taken out of the context, but were unable to recognize them within the melody, the really important place. In other words, the proficiency in singing intervals did not transfer over to the sight-singing of songs. That need not have surprised modern teachers, because present-day psychology has worked out very carefully just where mental proficiency transfers and where it does not. One principle is clear. If we wish to be sure of skill in any one field or part of a field, we must base the training on the actual materials and processes used in that field. Consequently any efficient training in sight-singing must be based mainly on the phrase and the melody.

Forcing Sight Reading

Here the use of this Primer comes in. The child needs plenty of sight-singing material. The Primer supplies this in several forms—in the regular song, to be sung in unison; in different melodies for the same song, designed to force actual reading rather than memorization; in different parts for the same song, half the class to learn one part and the other half the other, after which both sing simultaneously. Another excellent device is to write the music alone of some well-known song on the blackboard, and challenge the class to discover the name of the song. All of these forms are introduced with the idea of forcing the pupil to realize that the symbols on the staff have a definite meaning.

Reading the Melodic Progressions

The class, let us say, has now come to perceive the direction of melody. It has been trained to follow and classify the different types of rhythm. It is ready for reading from the staff. Here the important thing is to have the presentation as simple as possible. Nothing should be introduced that is not absolutely essential to the single task of reading the progression of notes. All the child needs to know at the beginning is that, given the initial sound, he can find the sound of every other note from its position on the staff. The name of the note, the key and time signatures can wait. It is hard enough to sing the progressions. Who knows but what the insistence on these non-essentials has so complicated this task that this is the reason for our poor sight-singing today? Let us be content with the sight-singing of the phrase, and when the pupil can respond instinctively to the difference in the position of the notes on the staff, he can be introduced to the other technicalities. That, however, need not be until he comes to the study of keys, which will be after he is through with this Primer.

Exercises

At the top of the page are the different intervals he will meet in the song below. After he has been given the pitch, let the child practice for a while on the intervals, but do not combine them with the song below. This he is to attack in another way.

How to Learn a Song

In learning a song it is well to keep in mind this fact. A song is a poem with a more emotional rendering than mere recitation can give. It has been well said that music starts where words leave off, yet it should not be forgotten that in the song, the emotional content of the music is the same as that of the words. Furthermore, the rhythm of the song will follow to a great extent the natural rhythm of the words, stressing the accents and the natural phrasing. The class therefore chants the words with the indicated rhythm and the proper emotional response. After that has been done satisfactorily, the pupils are ready for the melody. This can be handled with a neutral syllable or with the words, depending on the proficiency of the class. The entire lesson should be conducted just as if it were an ordinary reading lesson.

Classroom Method

Individuals should be called on with the class acting as critics and raising the hand for correction just as in the other subjects. The children will quickly become accustomed to reciting alone in music as in geography and arithmetic. The teacher should insist also on an attempt at fluent rendering. She does not permit syllable-by-syllable reading in the story book; she should not permit it in the song book. Better by far that the pupil make a few errors, hitting the wrong note occasionally, or misreading the rhythm, than that he should develop the habit of going from interval to interval so universal today.

The Three Tracks

Fluent reading of any kind is largely a subconscious process functioning through habit. Good reading therefore depends on good habits. Good habits depend on good training, and that brings us back to classroom practice. The aim of the teacher should be to keep the song going on three tracks—correct interpretation, correct reading, and correct tempo. The up-to-date teacher need not be told that this is not the only case where speed and efficiency are interrelated.

To summarize the suggestions made in the above:

1. Start with unison singing, paying due attention to expression and rhythm, dramatizing where possible. Give the children a foretaste of harmony by teaching separate parts to alternate rows and then having them sing simultaneously.

2. Develop the ability to classify rhythmic types either as "doubles" or "triples" and to beat corresponding time in the songs studied.

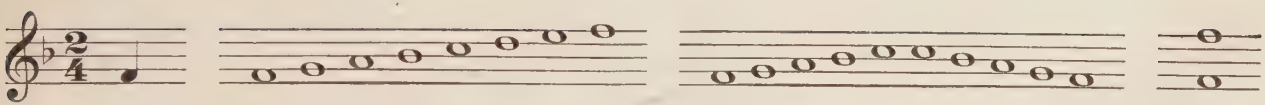
3. Gradually call attention to the direction of melody, thus preparing for reading from the staff by position.

4. Teach note values. Here is an excellent device for teaching these values and training rhythm at the same time. Draw a circle marked off into quarters, eighths, and sixteenths, like the accompanying diagram. Let the class sing a neutral syllable as the teacher points around the circle, holding each note the proper length of time. In this way the most common rhythmic figures can be taught objectively. Then notes may be substituted for the fractions and the same drill repeated. Do not, however, use the device too long. The sooner all drill can be confined to the staff, the better.

5. The class is now ready for sight-singing of melodies. Unless specifically instructed to the contrary by the local supervisor, do not confuse the child by drilling on key or time signatures or syllable names for the notes. Refer to notes by their positions on the staff.

6. Conduct individual recitations just as in any other subject. Insist on fluent, *a tempo* reading. Pupils will fall in with any reasonable conditions imposed by the teacher, if the latter is firm and persistent.

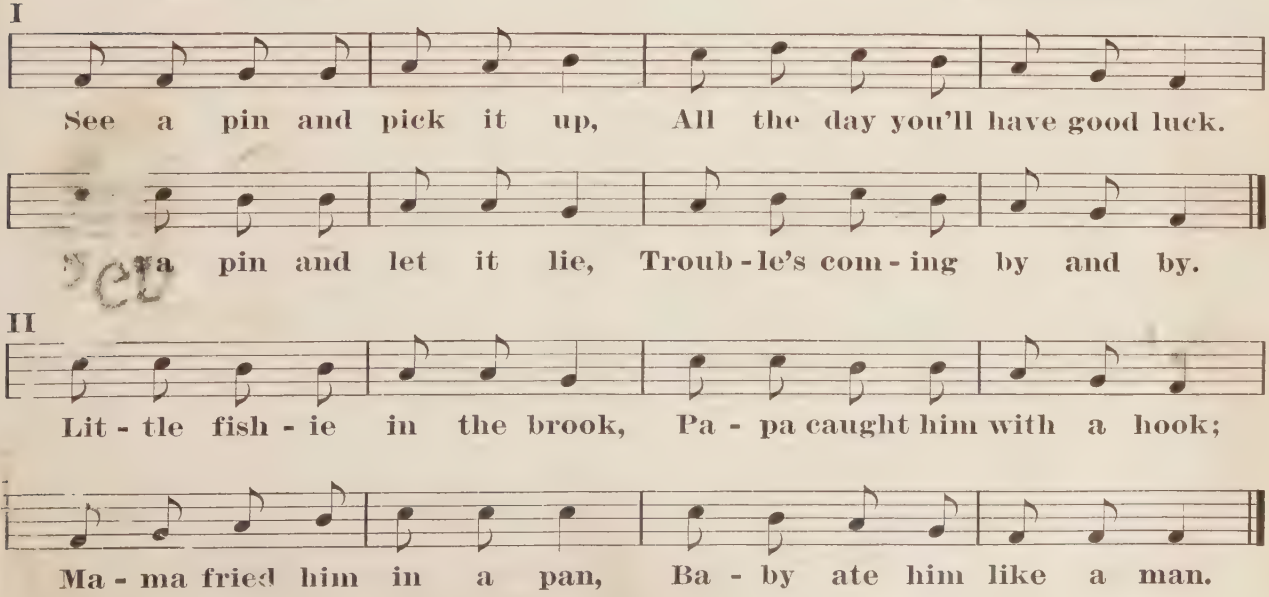
7. Let the pedagogy of every song be a trinity—expressive interpretation, correct intonation, and fluent reading.

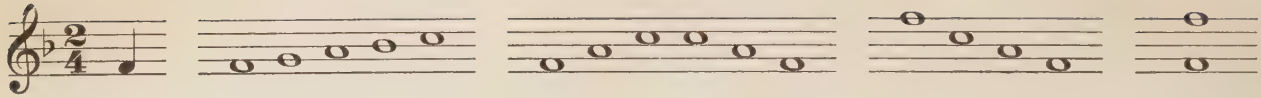


Baby Jingles

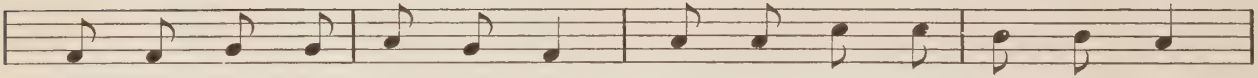
I. See a Pin

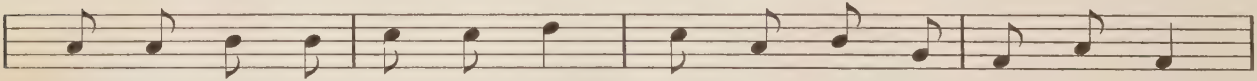
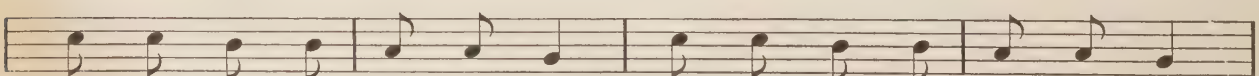
II. Little Fishie


I
See a pin and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lie, Troub-le's com-ing by and by.
II
Lit-tle fish-ie in the brook, Pa-pa caught him with a hook;
Ma-ma fried him in a pan, Ba-by ate him like a man.

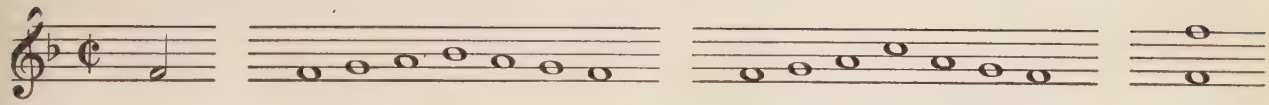


Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are!

Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky.

When the glo-rious sun is set, When the grass with dew is wet,

Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.

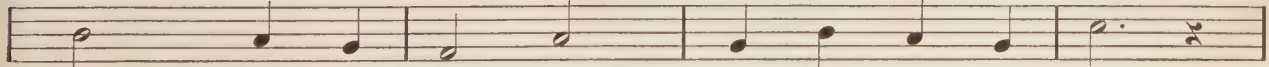


Where Go the Boats?

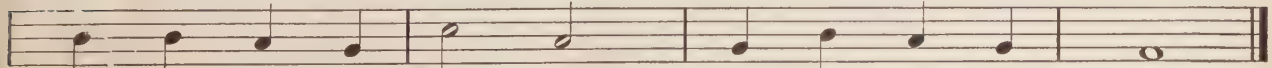
Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the riv - er, Gold - en is the sand;

It flows on for - ev - er, With trees on ei - ther hand.



Green leaves a - float - ing, Cas - tles of the foam,



Boats of mine a - boat - ing, Where will all come home?

Mother Goose

I. Goosey Gander

II. Wire, Brier, Limberlock

I

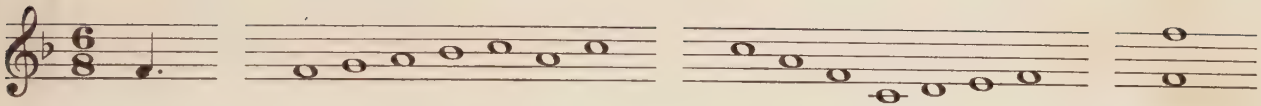
Goos - ey, goos-ey, gan - der, With - er shall I wan - der?

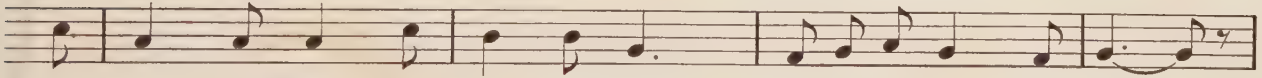
Up - stairs and down - stairs, And in my la - dy's cham - ber.

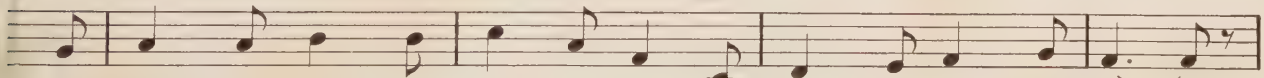
II

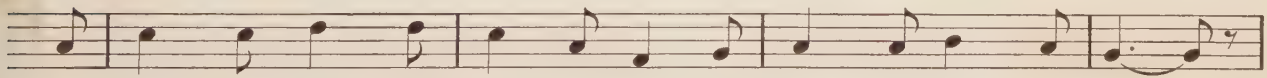
Wire, brier, lim - ber - lock, Three geese in a flock;

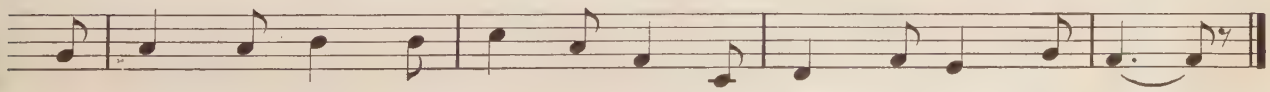
One flew east and one flew west, And one flew o-ver the cuck-oo's n st.



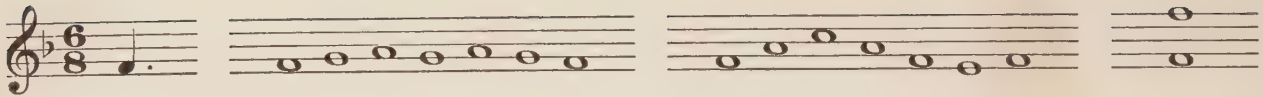
The Queen of Hearts

The Queen of Hearts, She made some tarts, All on a sum - mer's day;



The Knave of Hearts, He stole those tarts, And took them clean a - way.

The King of Hearts Called for the tarts, And beat the Knave full sore;

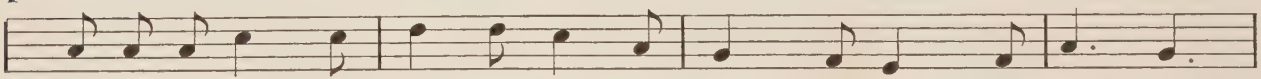


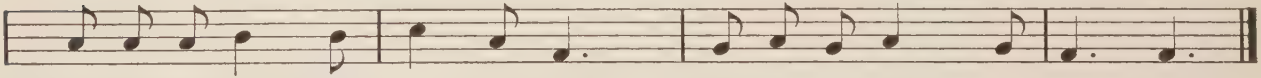
The Knave of Hearts Brought back the tarts, And vowed he'd steal no more.



Mother Goose

I. Little Bo-Peep

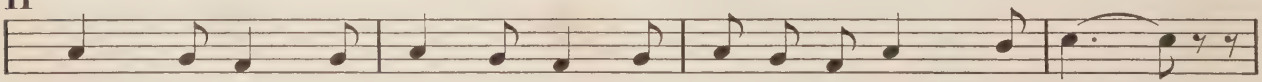
I

Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;

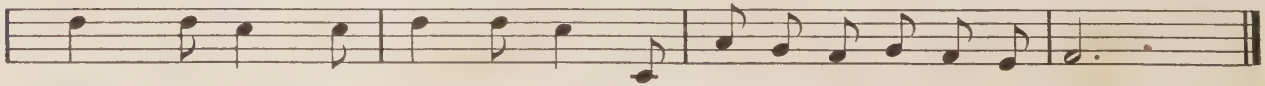


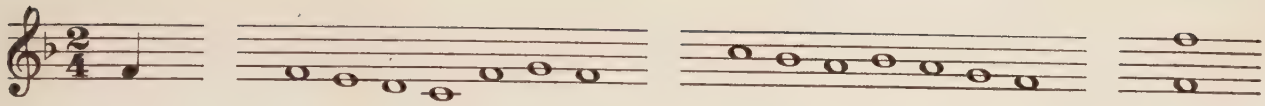
Leave them a-lone and they'll come home, Wagging their tails be-hind them.

II. Mary, Mary

II



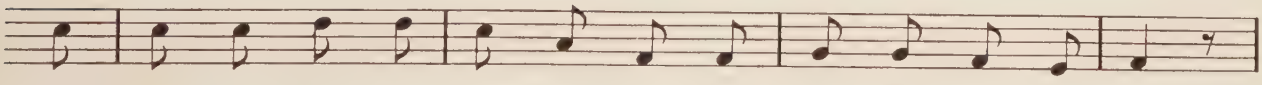
Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow?

Sil - ver bells and cock - le-shells, And pretty maids all in a row.



Singing

Robert Louis Stevenson

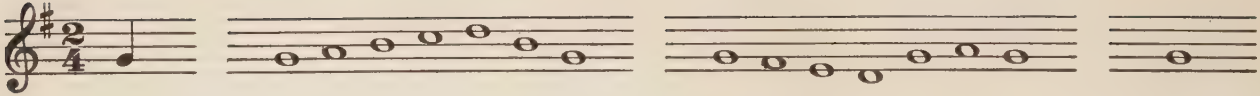
Of speck - led eggs the bird - ie sings, And nests a - mong the trees;

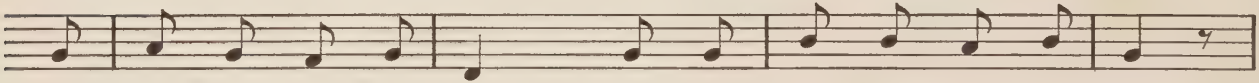


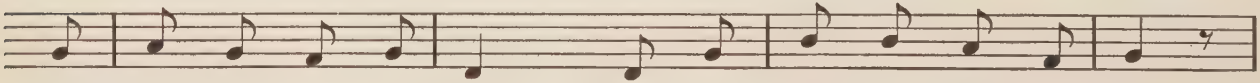
The sail - or sings of ropes and things, In ships up - on the seas.

The chil - dren sing in far Ja - pan, The chil - dren sing in Spain;

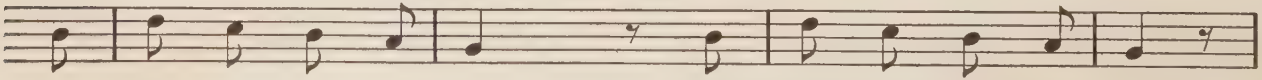
The or - gan with the or - gan man Is sing - ing in the rain.



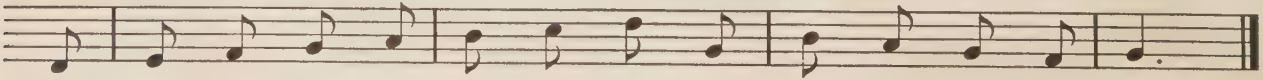
There Was a Crooked Man

There was a crook - ed man, And he went a crook - ed mile;



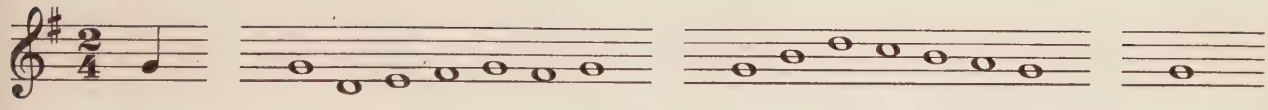
He found a crook - ed six - pence A - gainst a crook - ed stile;



He caught a crook - ed cat, Which caught a crook - ed mouse,

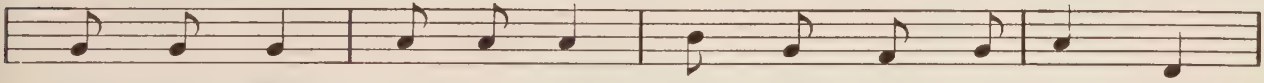


And they all lived to - geth - er In a lit - tle crook - ed house.

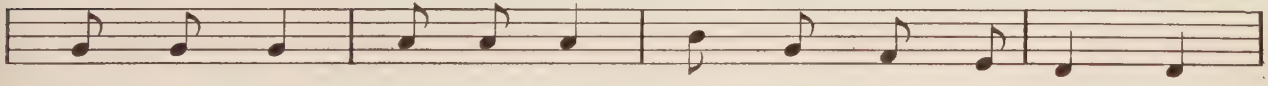


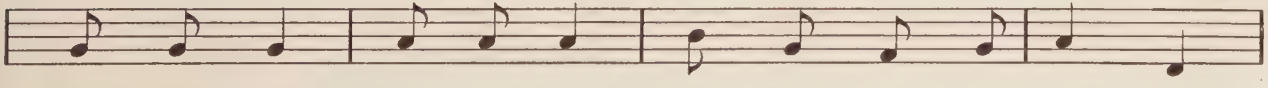
Cheeks of Rose

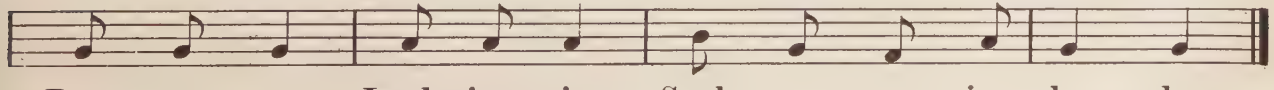
French Folk Song



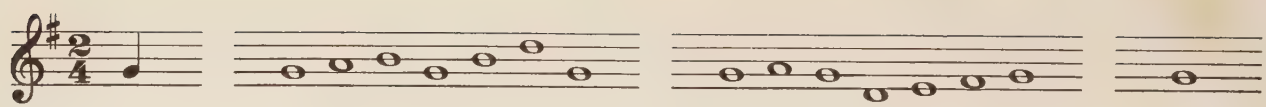
Cheeks of rose, Ti - ny toes, Has our lit - tle ba - by;



Eyes so blue, Fin - gers too, Cun - ning all as may be.

Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be;

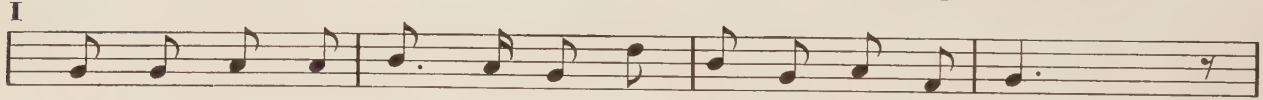
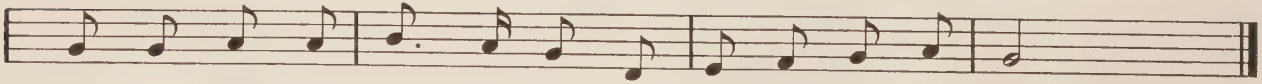


Bon - ny eyes, Look - ing wise, Such a pre - cious ba - by.



Nursery Songs

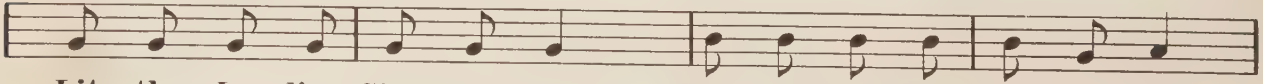
I. Kitty White

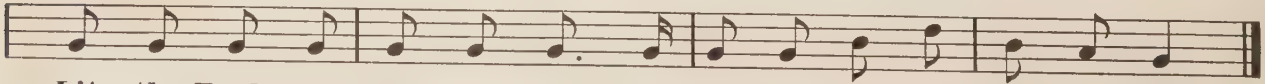
I

Kit - ty White so sly - ly comes To catch the mous-ie gray;

Mous-ie hears her soft - ly creep, And quick-ly runs a - way.

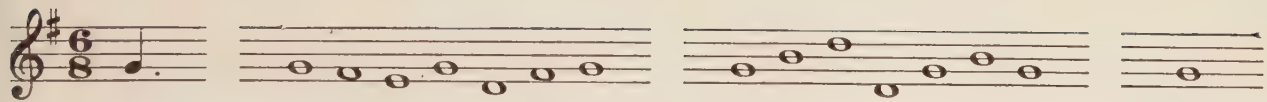
II. Foreign Children

II

Robert Louis Stevenson



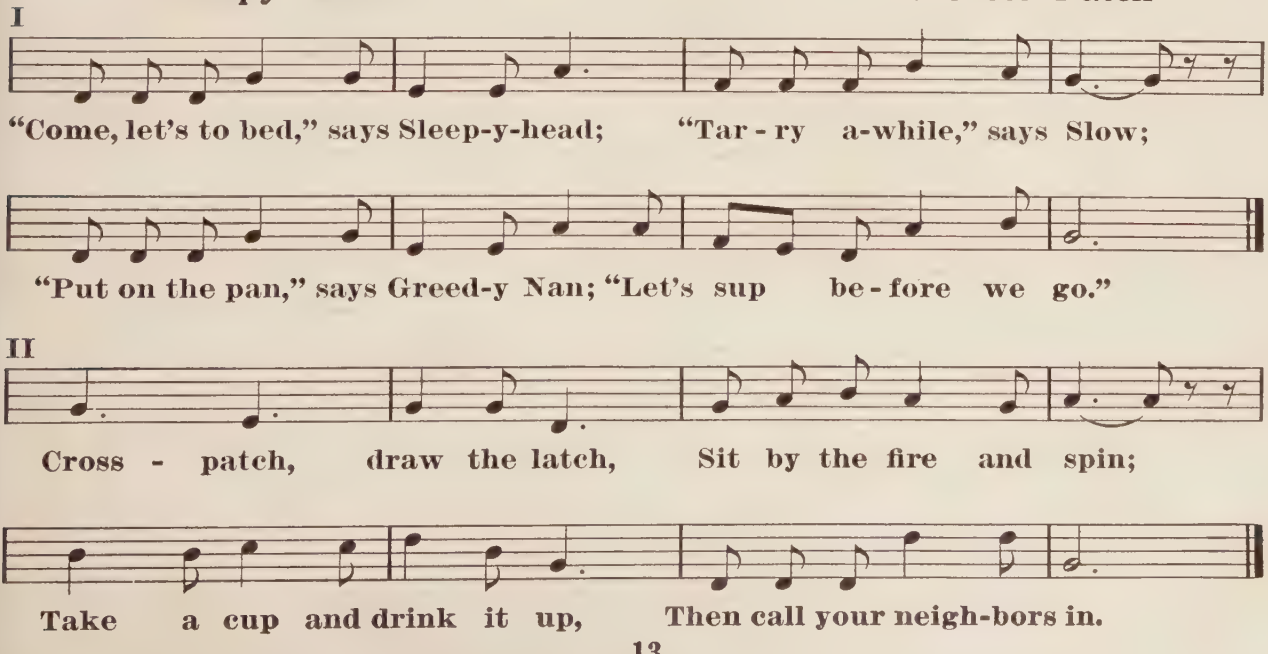
Lit - tle In - dian, Sioux, or Crow, Lit - tle frost - y Es - ki - mo,

Lit - tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh! don't you wish that you were me?



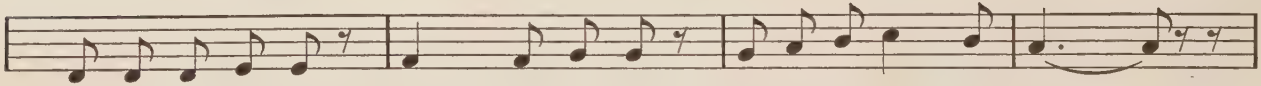
Mother Goose

I. Sleepy-Head

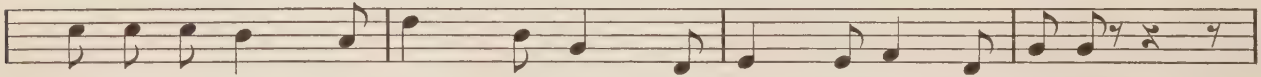
II. Cross-Patch

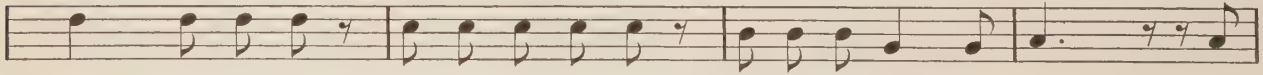

I
"Come, let's to bed," says Sleep-y-head; "Tar-ry a-while," says Slow;
"Put on the pan," says Greed-y Nan; "Let's sup be-fore we go."
II
Cross - patch, draw the latch, Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup and drink it up, Then call your neigh-bors in.

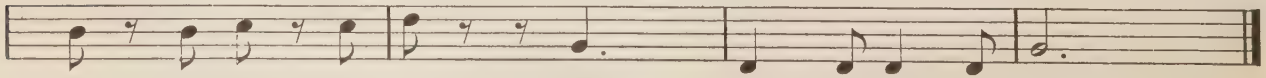
"Lost Your Mittens!"



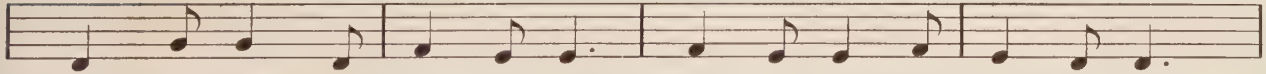
Three lit-tle kit-tens Lost their mittens; And they be-gan to cry, ...

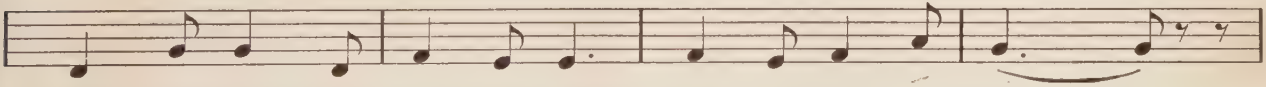


"Oh! moth-er dear, We real - ly fear That we have lost our mit-tens."

"Lost your mit-tens! You naughty kittens! Then you shall have no pie." "Mee-

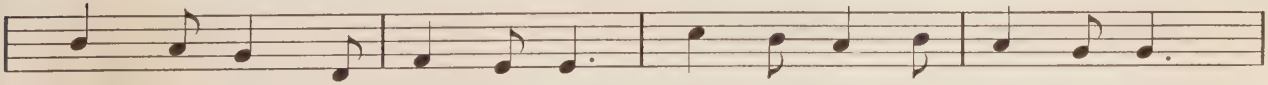


ow, mee-ow, mee-ow." "No, you shall have no pie."

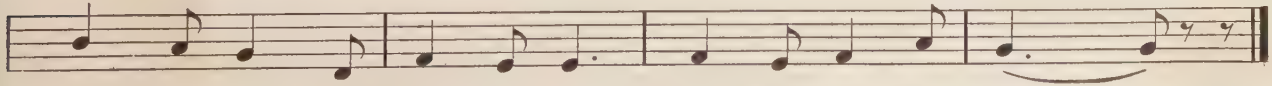
New Zealand Canoe Song

Moon-light bathes both tree and lake, Nature's charms my spir - its woo,



Swish - ing blades the si - lence break, Pad-dling my ca - noe. . . . . .



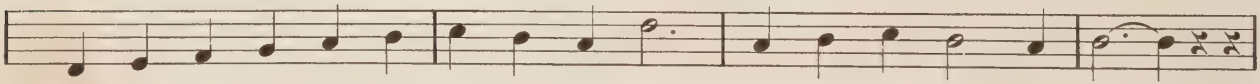
Sweet to me earth's fra-grance smells, Per-fume that the an - gels brew,

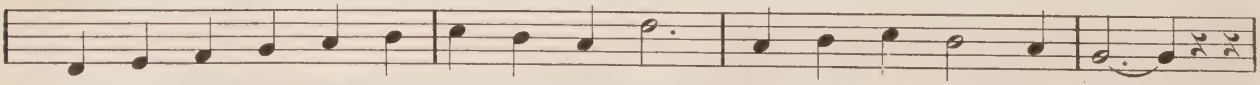


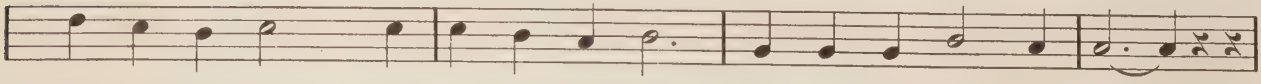
Joy - ous-ness with - in me dwells, Pad-dling my ca - noe. . . . . .

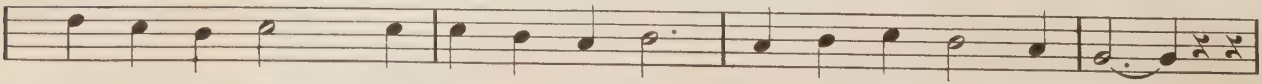
The Swing

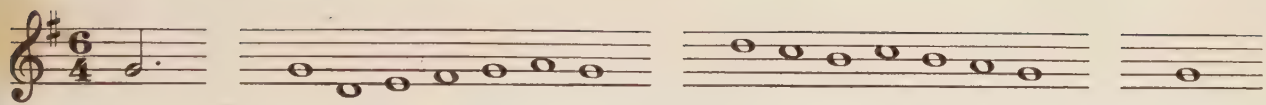
Robert Louis Stevenson







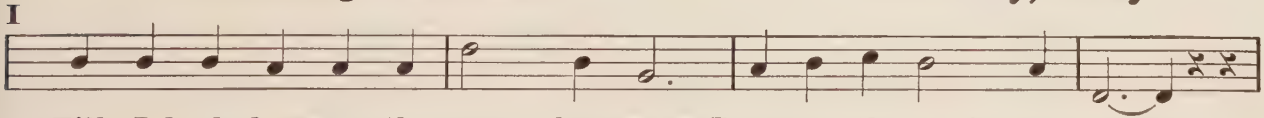




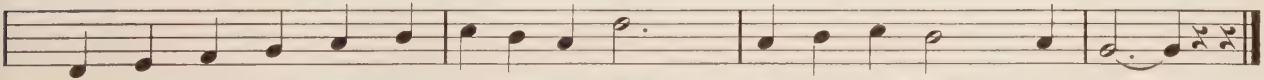
I. The Swing—(*Concluded*)

II. Mary, Mary

I

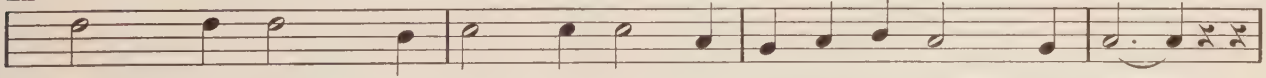


Till I look down on the gar - den green, Down on the roof so brown,

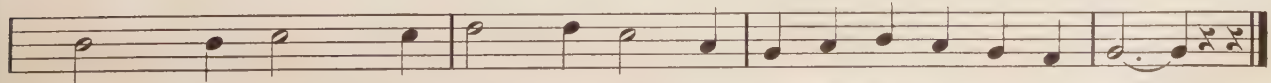


Up in the air I go fly-ing a-gain, Up in the air and down!

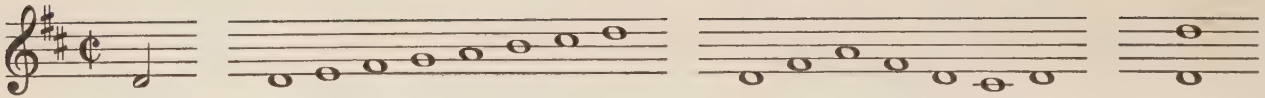
II



Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow?



Sil - ver bells and cock - le-shells, And pretty maids all in a row.



Mother Goose

I. Jack Sprat

I

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean;

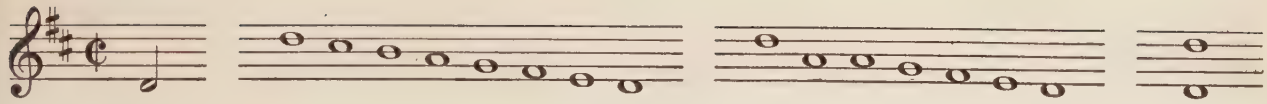
And so be-twixt them both, you see, They licked the plat - ter clean.

II. Sleepy, Slow, and Greedy

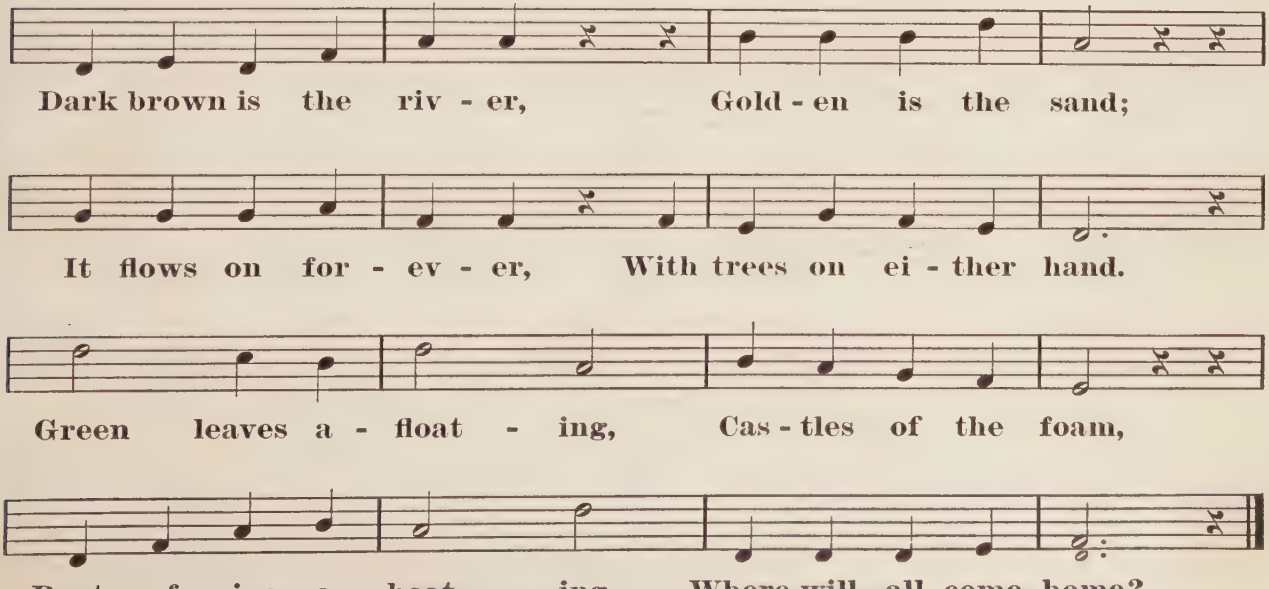
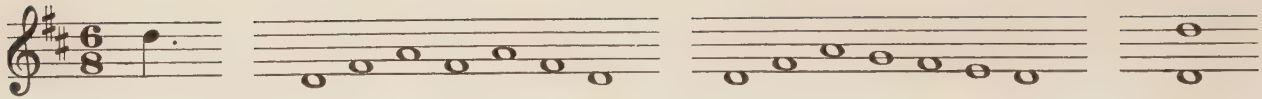
II

"Come, let's to bed," says Sleep - y - head; "Tar - ry a-while," says Slow;

"Put on the pan," says Greed - y Nan; "Let's sup be - fore we go."



Dark Brown Is the River

Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the riv - er, Gold - en is the sand;
It flows on for - ev - er, With trees on ei - ther hand.
Green leaves a - float - ing, Cas - tles of the foam,
Boats of mine a - boat - ing, Where will all come home?

Mother Goose

I. Little Boy Blue

I

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow your horn; The sheep's in the mead-ow, the cow's in the corn.

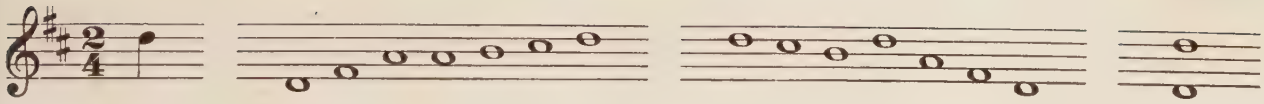
"Where's the boy that looks aft-er the sheep?" He's un-der the hay - stack fast a - sleep.

II. Simple Simon

II

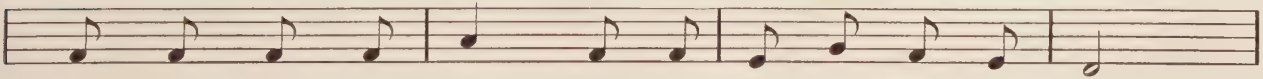
Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie - man Go - ing to the fair; . . . . Said

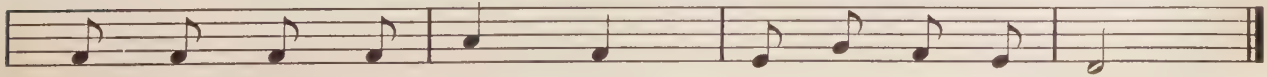
Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie - man, "Let me taste your ware." . . .

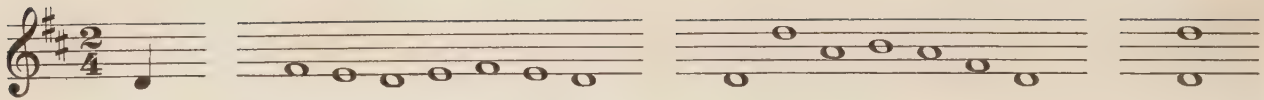


Spring Flowers

Mary Howitt

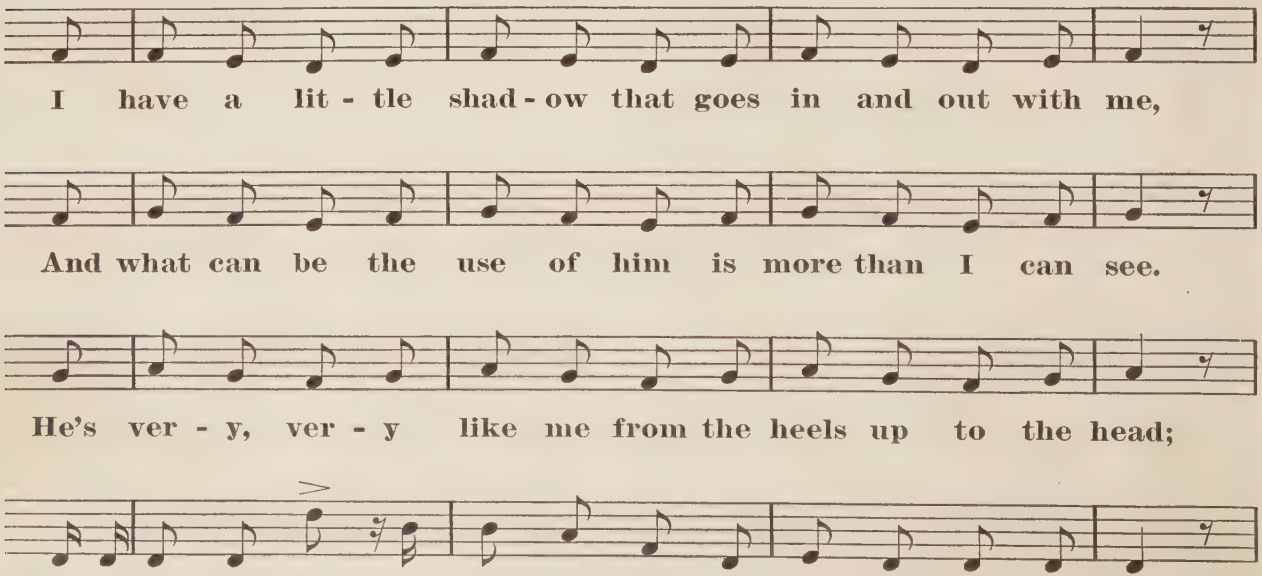


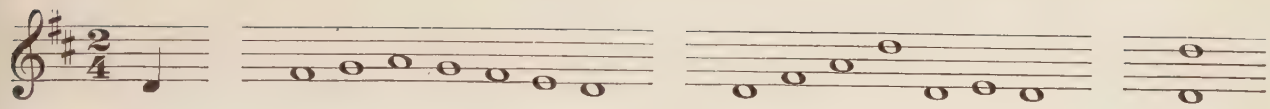




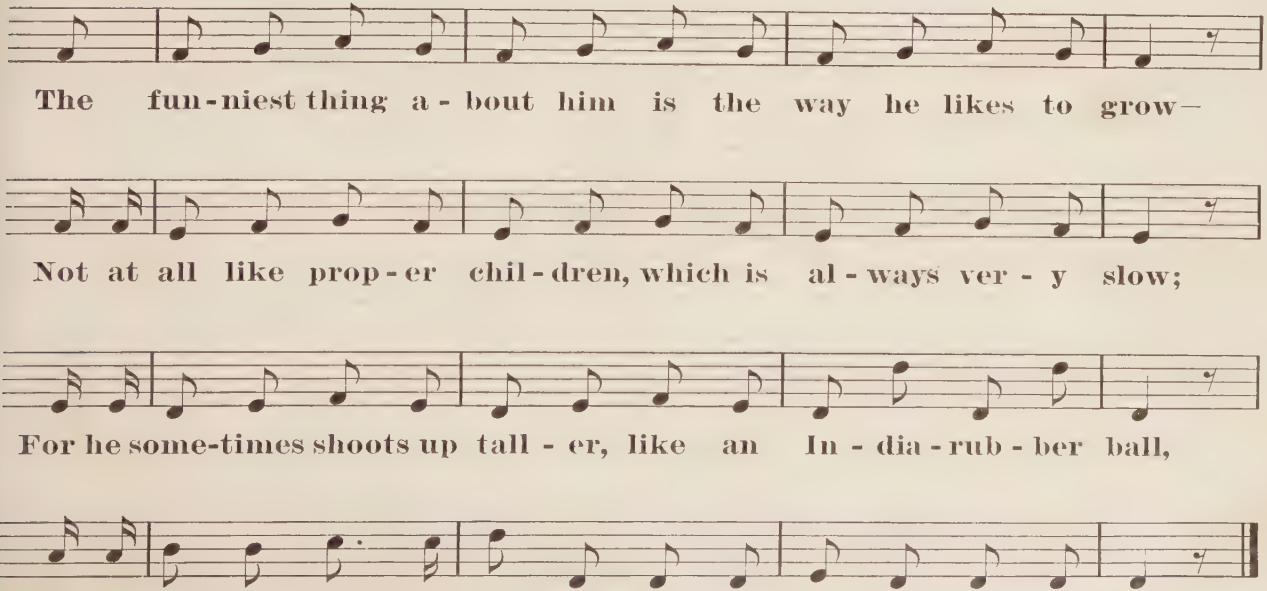
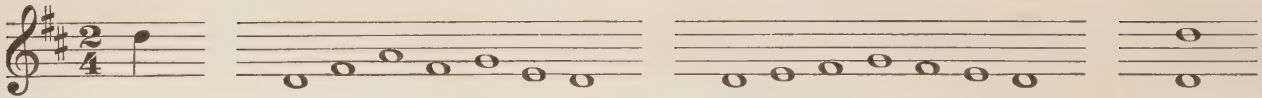
My Shadow

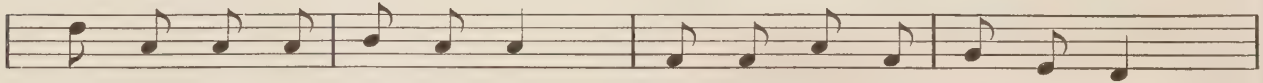
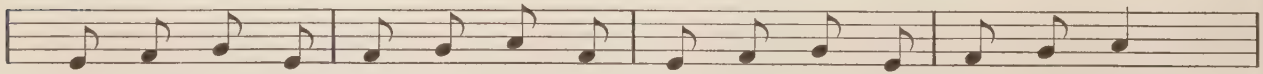
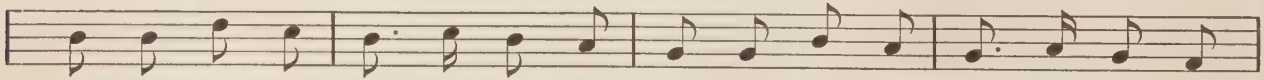
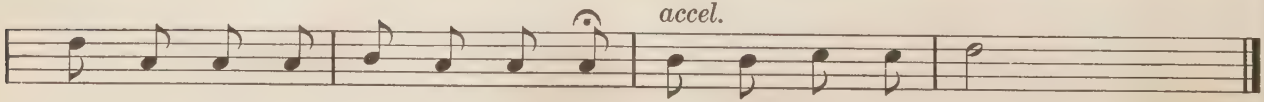
Robert Louis Stevenson

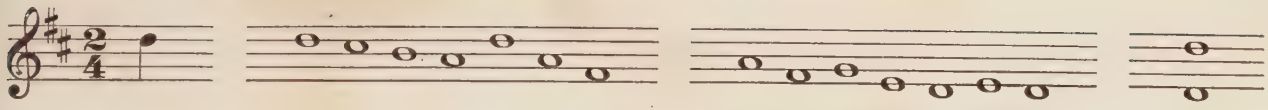

I have a lit - tle shad - ow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He's ver - y, ver - y like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump be - fore me, when I jump in - to my bed.



My Shadow—(*Concluded*)


The fun-niest thing a-bout him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like prop-er chil-dren, which is al-ways ver-y slow;
For he some-times shoots up tall-er, like an In-dia-rub-ber ball,
And he some-times gets so lit-tle that there's none of him at all.

Little Birdie

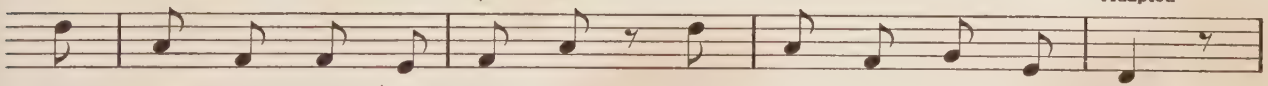
Alfred Tennyson





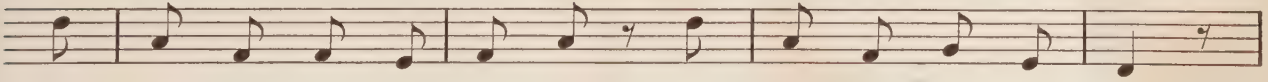
My Parrot

H. W. Loomis

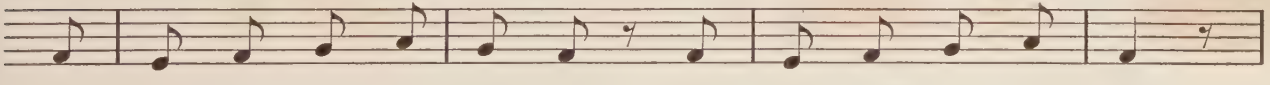
A. E. Johnstone
Adapted

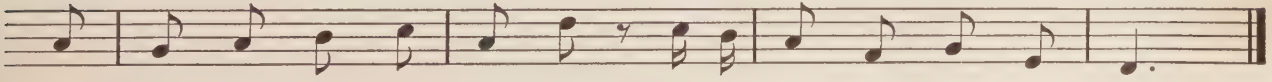


My par - rot's green and yel - low, A ver - y fun - ny bird,



And such a nois - y fel - low— I've taught him ev - 'ry word.



He has no teeth, my par - rot, But my, how he can bite!

And when he wants a car - rot, He will squawk with all his might.

Night Time Songs

I. Little Boy Blue

II. On Daddy's Knee

I

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep's in the mead-ow, the cow's in the corn.

Where's the boy that looks aft-er the sheep? Un-der the hay - stack fast a-sleep.

II

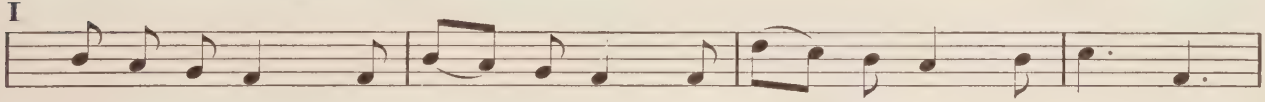
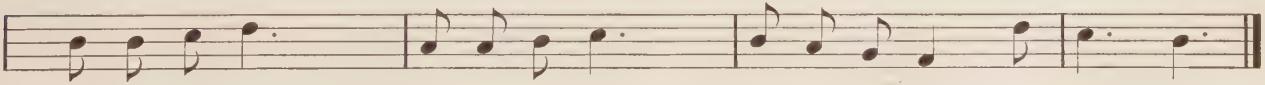
Ride on dad - dy's knee, dear, And see what you shall see, dear! The

cows are in the clo - ver, The pigs have gone to Do - ver.

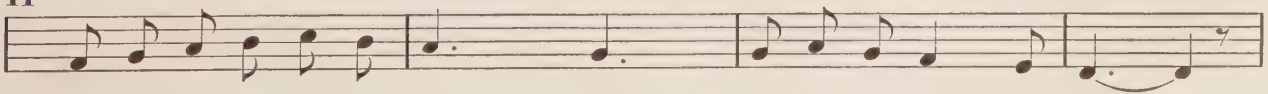
Familiar Verses—New Tunes

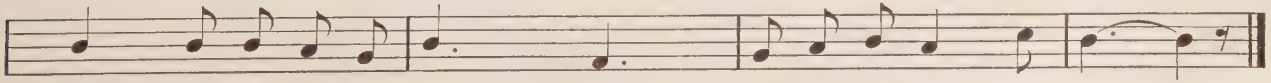
I. Little Bo-Peep

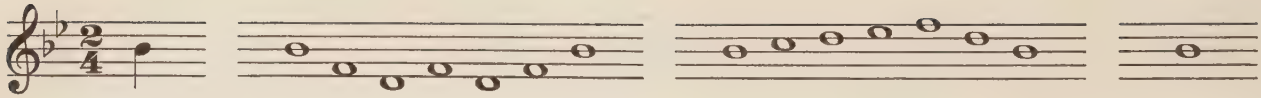
II. Somebody in My Garden

I

Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;

Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails be-hind them.

II

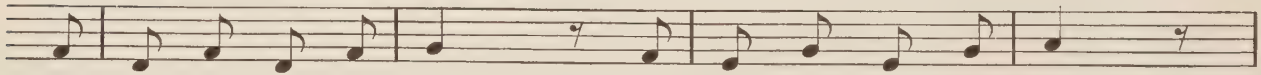


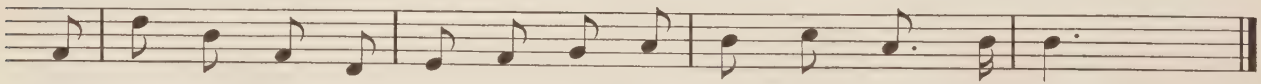
Some-bod-y's been in my gar - den, Nip-ping the blos-soms fair; . . .

All the green leaves are black - en'd, Who do you think was there?



I. Jack Sprat

I

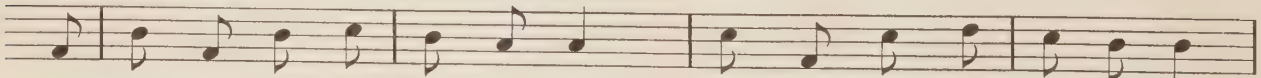


Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean;

And so be-twixt them both, you see, They licked the plat - ter clean.

II. Time to Rise

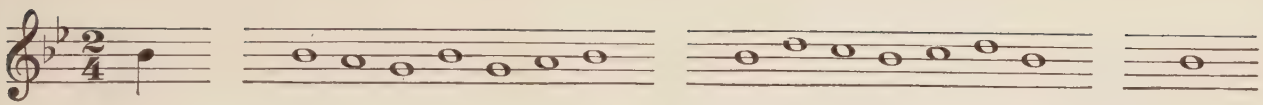
II

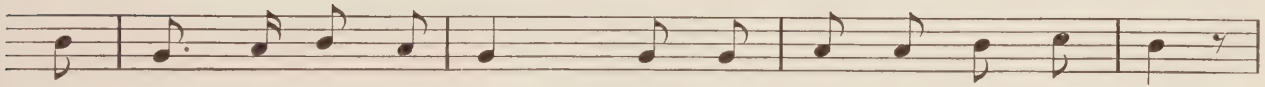
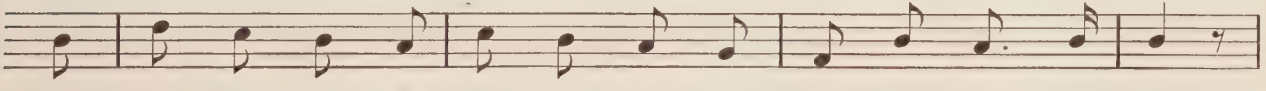
Robert Louis Stevenson

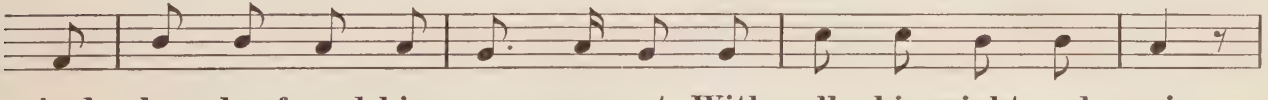


A bird - ie with a yel - low bill Hopped up - on my win-dow sill,

Cocked his shin - ing eye and said: "Ain't you 'shamed, you sleep-y-head?"

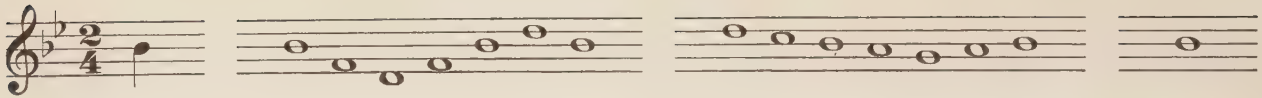


There Was a Man in Our Town

There was a man in our town, And he was won-drous wise;

He jumped in - to a bram - ble bush, And scratched out both his eyes.



And when he found his eyes were out, With all his might and main

He jumped in - to an - oth - er bush, And scratched them in a - gain.



The Wind

Robert Louis Stevenson

I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds a - bout the sky;

And all a - round I heard you pass, Like la - dies' skirts a - cross the grass.

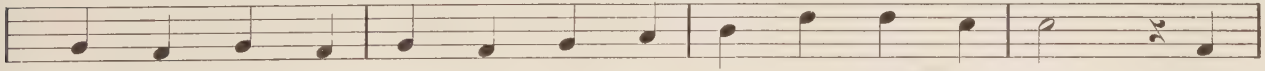
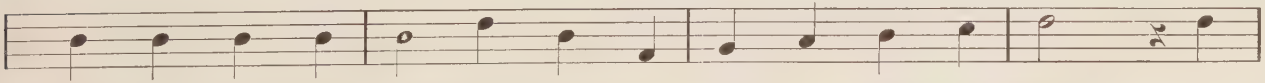
O wind, a - blow - ing all day long! . . . . . .

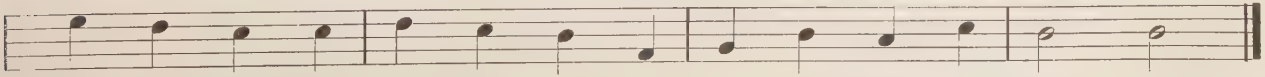
ritard.

O wind, that sings so loud a song! . . . . . .

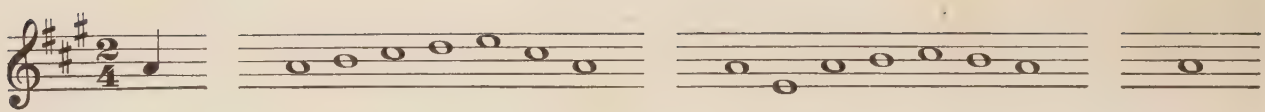
The Drum Major

Anon.

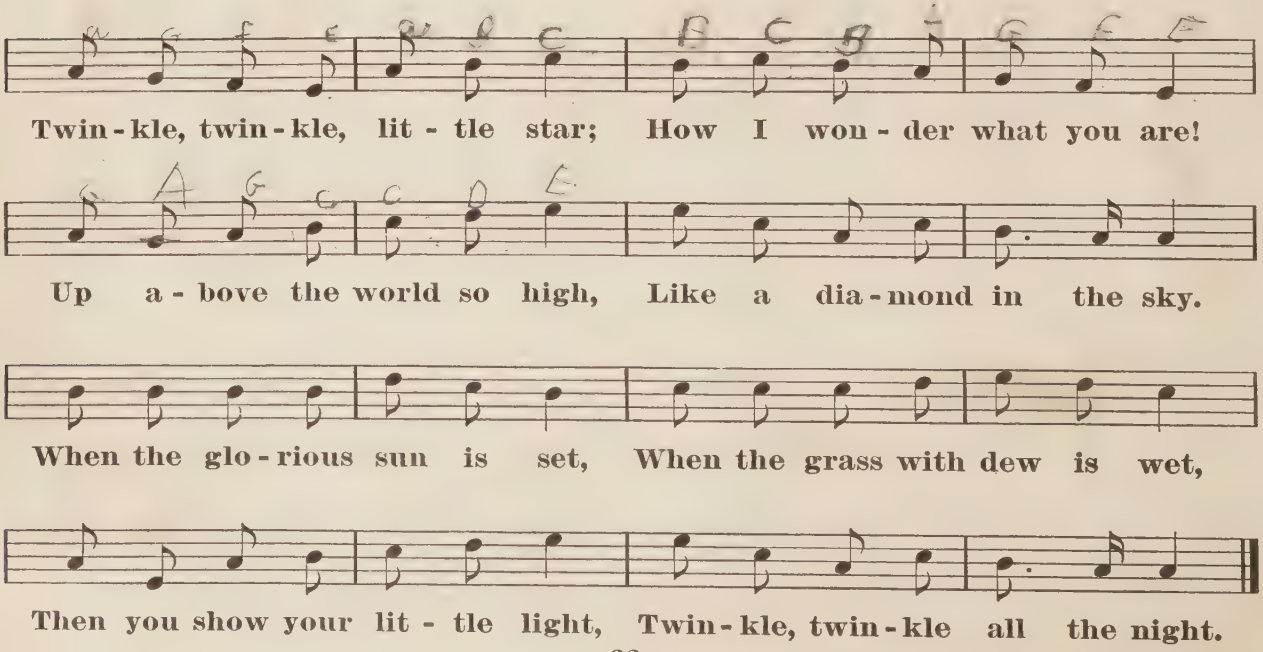
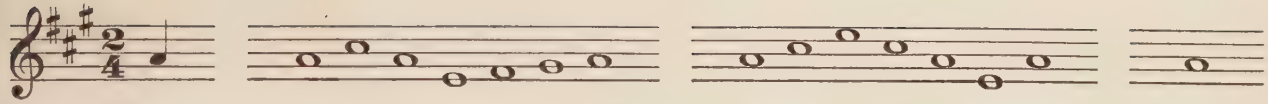
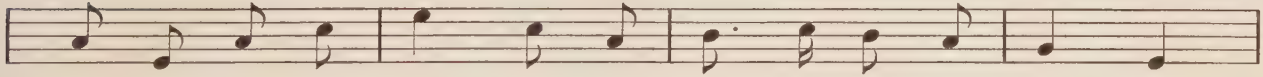
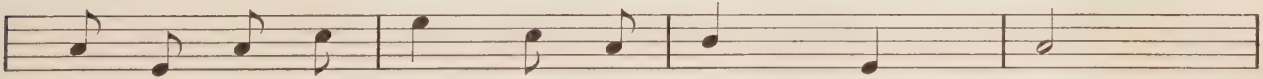
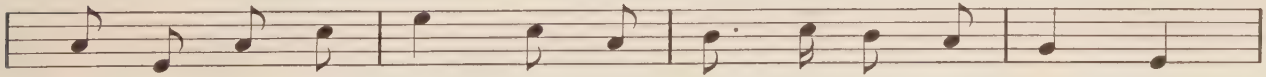
Swing-ing left and swing-ing right, just see him pranc-ing as he goes!

Up and down he waves his ba - ton, right be - fore his nose. In

gor-geous rai-ment dressed, as proud as an - y pea-cock, sir; A

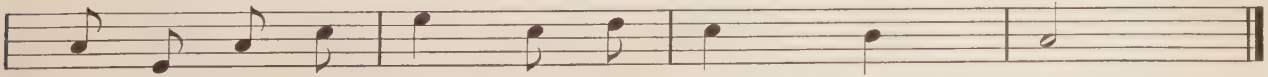


two-foot hat up - on his crest, Be - hold the great Drum Ma - jor.

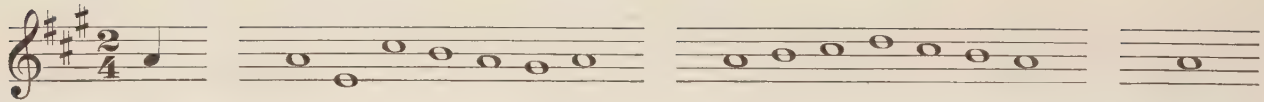


Star-light


Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star; How I won-der what you are!
Up a-bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky.
When the glo-rious sun is set, When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your lit-tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.

Sun and Stars

Sun wakes up at morn - ing, And goes to bed at eve - ning.

Sun wakes up at morn - ing, And brings us light.

Stars wake up at eve - ning, And go to bed at morn - ing.



Stars wake up at eve - ning, And play all night.



I. Flowers and Showers

II. Simple Simon

I

A - pril calls, "Come out of doors; Chil - dren, see my flow - ers."

Then she laughs, and down she pours A lot of ti - ny show - ers.

II

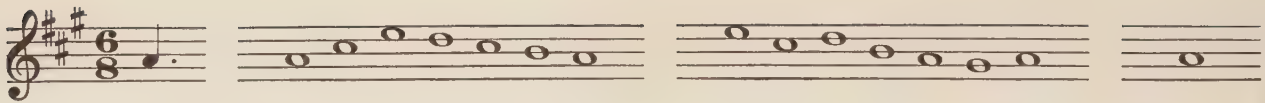
Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie - man, Go - ing to the fair; Says

Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie - man, "Let me taste your ware!"

Buttercups and Daisies

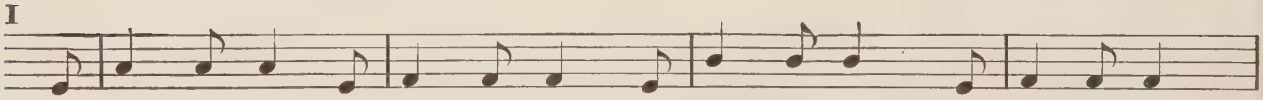
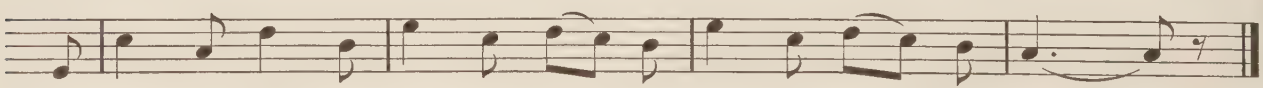
Mary Howitt

Arthur Sullivan

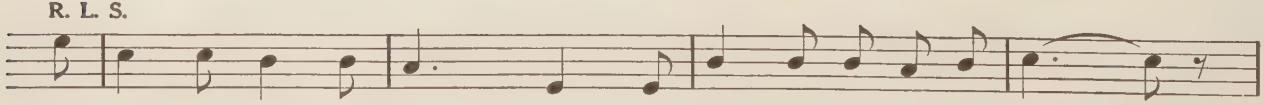


I. The Sky is Smiling

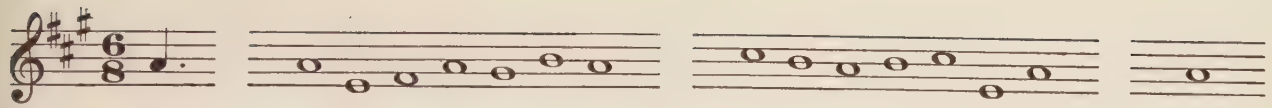
II. Supposing

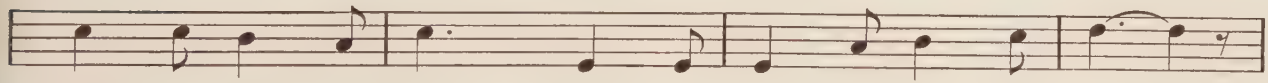
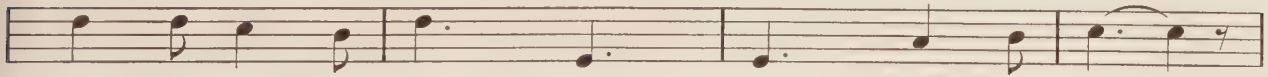
I

The sky is smil - ing blue and warm, And then there comes a lit - tle storm,

For A - pril, A - pril, A - pril dear, Oh, A - pril dear is here. . . .

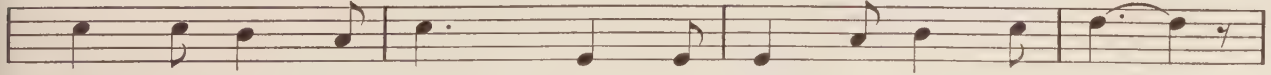
II

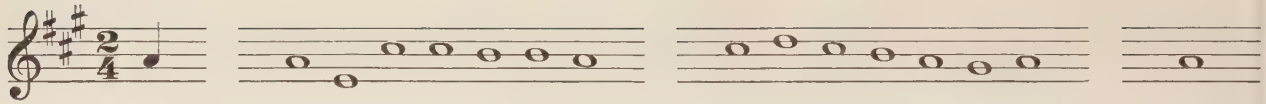
R. L. S.

If all the world were wa - ter, And all the wa-ter were ink, ...

What would we do for bread and cheese? What would we do for drink?



Sing a Song of Sixpence



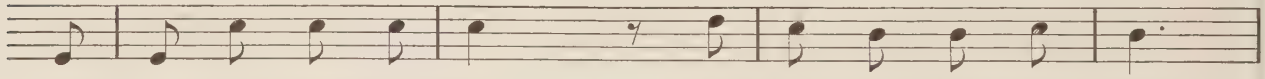


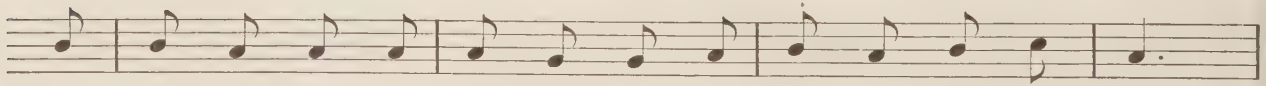


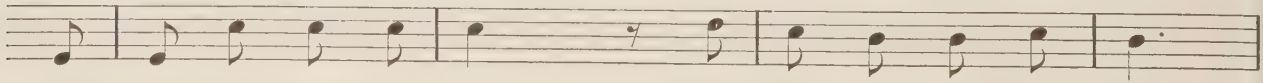
The Way of Life

Josephine Preston Peabody

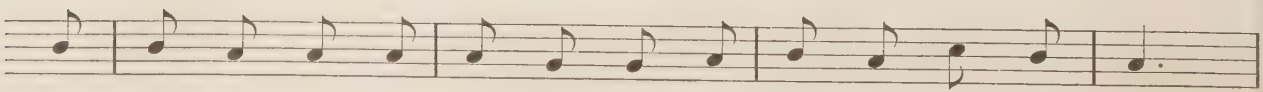
Adapted from an Old Southern Melody



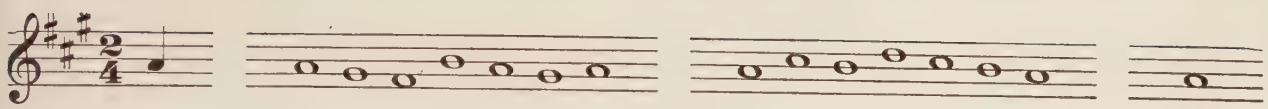
The lit - tle Road says go, The lit - tle House says stay;

And oh, it's bon - ny here at home, But I must go a - way.



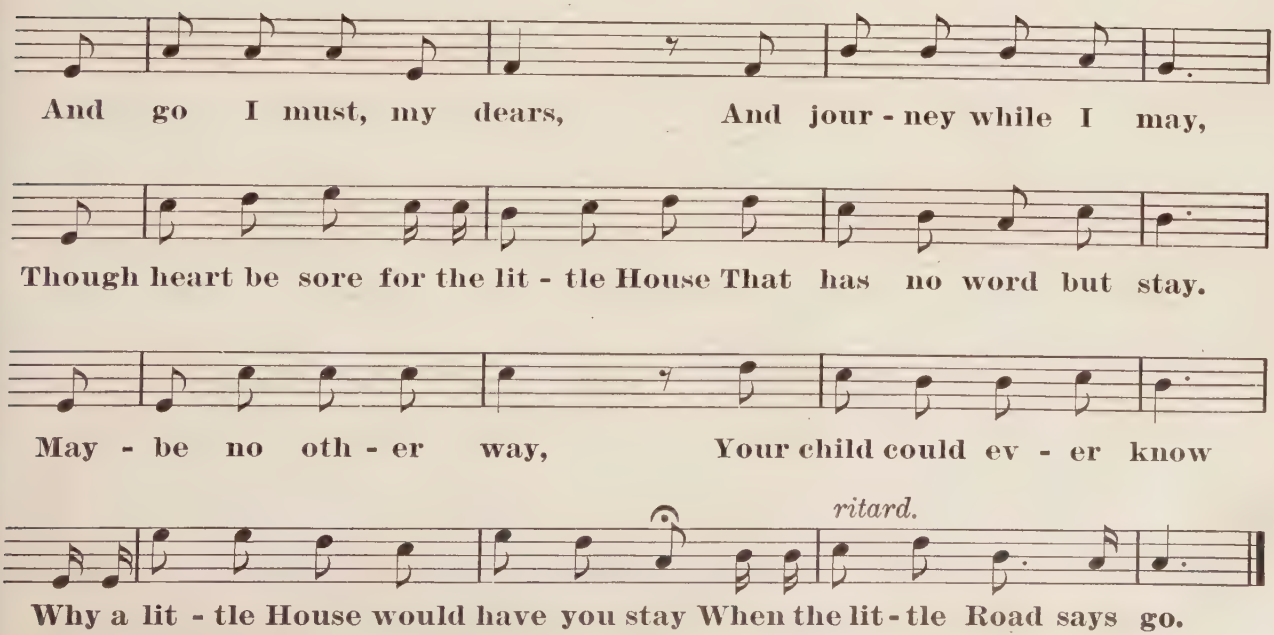
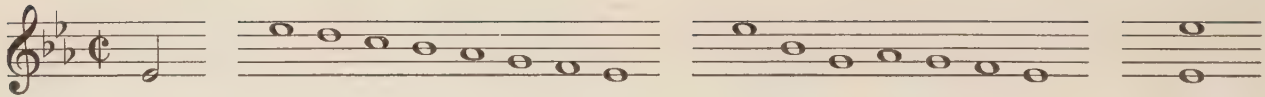
The lit - tle Road, like me, Would seek and turn and know;



And forth I must to learn the things The lit - tle Road would show.



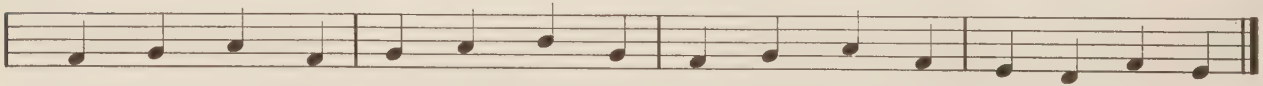
The Way of Life—(*Concluded*)


And go I must, my dears, And jour - ney while I may,
Though heart be sore for the lit - tle House That has no word but stay.
May - be no oth - er way, Your child could ev - er know
ritard.
Why a lit - tle House would have you stay When the lit - tle Road says go.

I. Children, You Are Very Little

II. Children's Voices

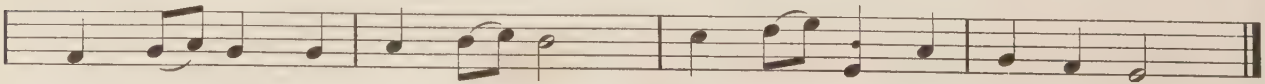
I

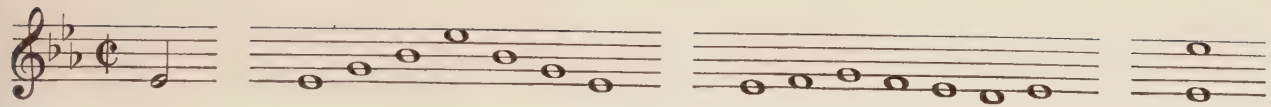
Chil-dren, you are ver - y lit - tle, And your bones are ver - y brit-tle;



If you would grow tall and state - ly, You must try to walk se-date - ly.

II

When the sun brings day-light fair, Chil-dren say their morn-ing prayer;

When the light of day grows dim, Chil-dren sing an eve-ning hymn.



I. Robin In the Rain

II. When I Was Five

I

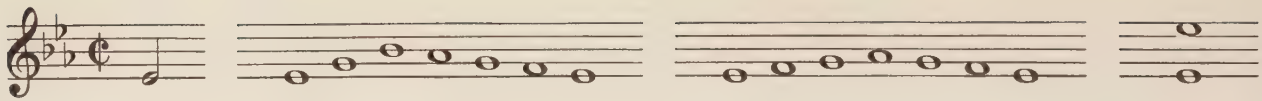
There's a rob-in in my gar - den; He is sing-ing in the rain;

If I toss him out some crumbs, I know He will come and sing a - gain.

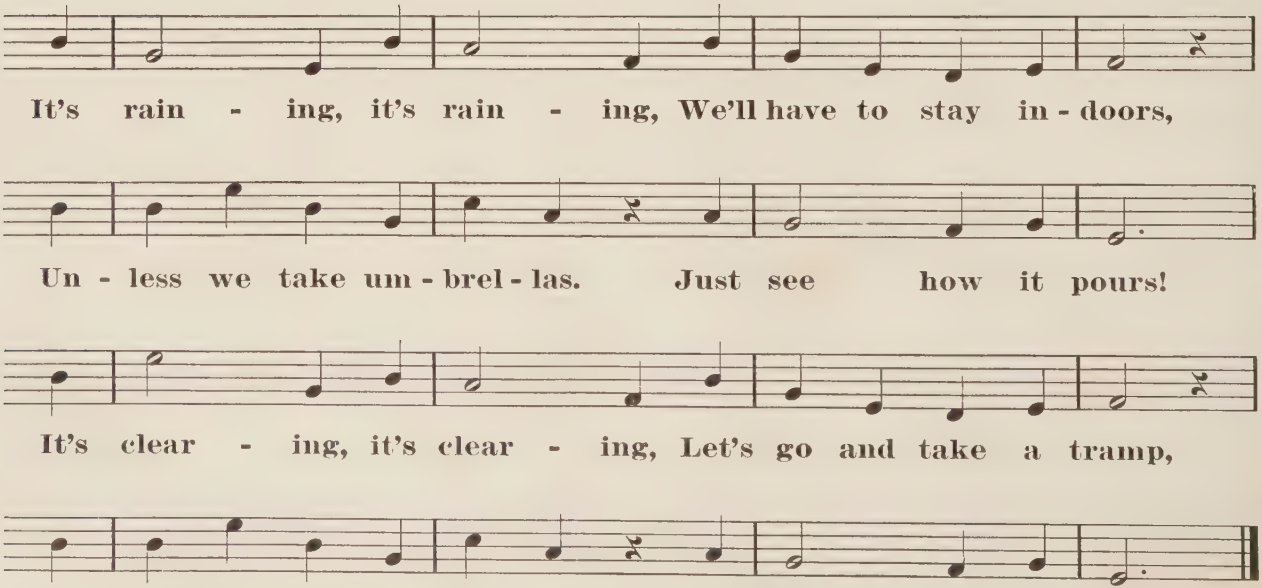
II

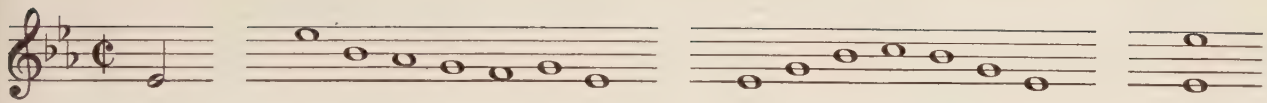
When I was five, I thought that I Could read if I would on - ly try;

I held my book this way and that, And tried to read a - bout a cat.

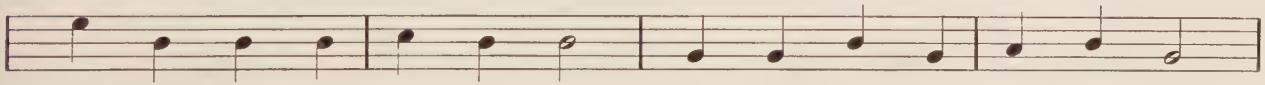
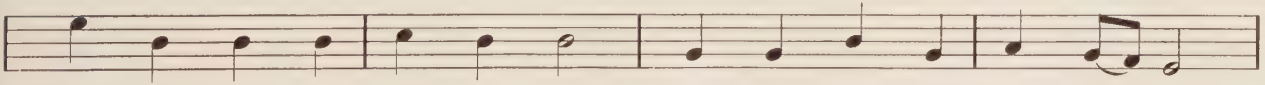


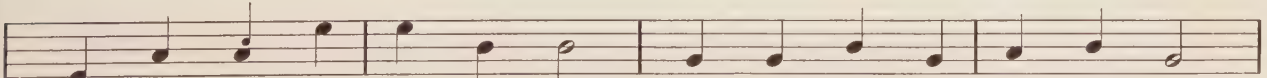
Raining and Clearing

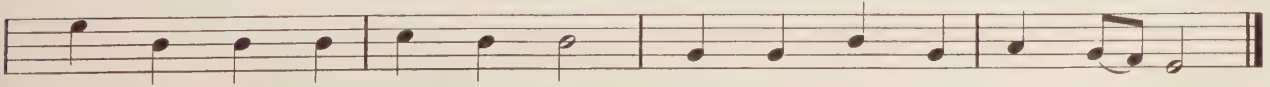

It's rain - ing, it's rain - ing, We'll have to stay in - doors,
Un - less we take um - brel - las. Just see how it pours!
It's clear - ing, it's clear - ing, Let's go and take a tramp,
But don't for - get your rub - bers, The ground will be damp.

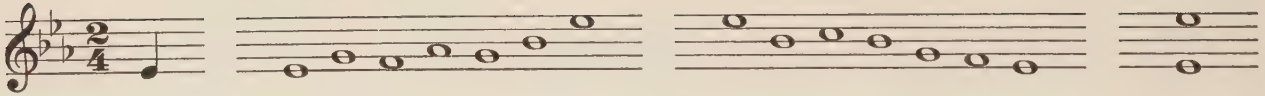


The Lady Button-Eyes

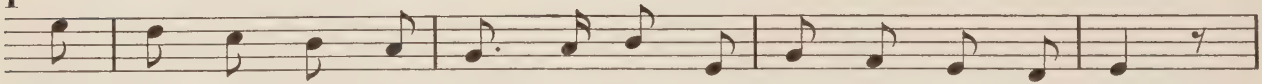
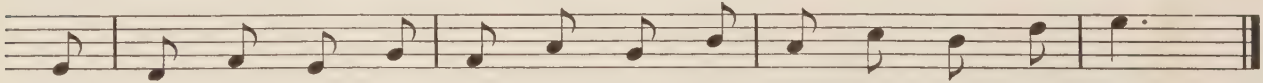
Eugene Field

When the bus - y day is done, And my wear - y lit - tle one

Rock - eth gen - tly to and fro; When the night winds soft - ly blow,



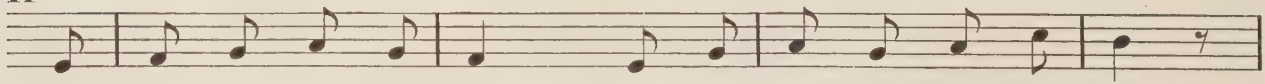
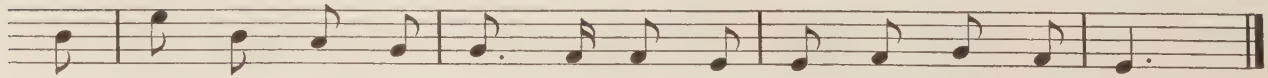
When up - on the haunt - ed green, Fair - ies dance a-round their queen—

Then from yon - der mist - y skies, Comes the La - dy But - ton - Eyes.

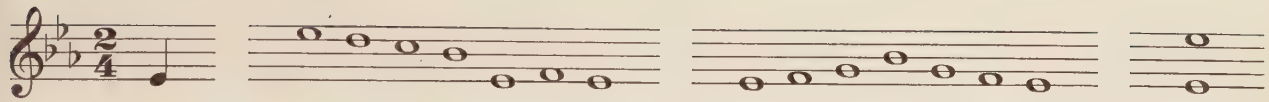


I. Come, Let's to Bed

I

"Come, let's to bed," says Sleep - y-head; "Tar - ry a-while," says Slow;

"Put on the pan," says Greed - y Nan; "Let's sup be - fore we go."

II. If All the World Were Water

II

If all the world were wa - ter, And all the wa - ter ink,

What would we do for bread and cheese? What would we do for drink?

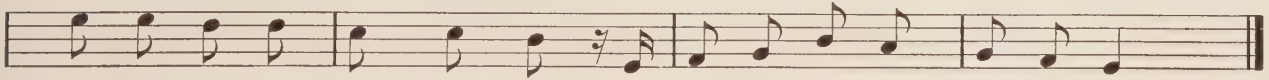


I. Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

II. One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

I

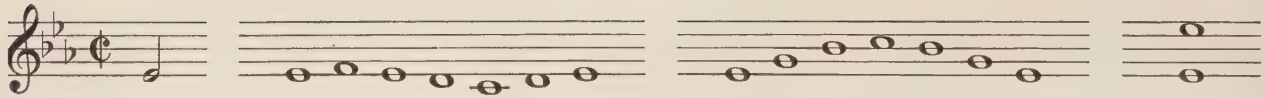
Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a pig and a-way he run; The



pig was eat and Tom was beat, And Tom went cry-ing down the street.

II

One, two, buck-le my shoe; Three, four, shut the door;

Five, six, pick up sticks; Sev-en, eight. lay them straight.

I. Sing a Song of Seasons

II. Little Indian

I

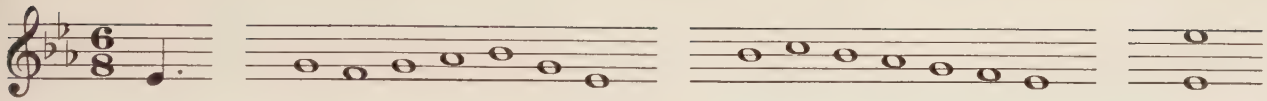
Sing a song of sea - sons! Some-thing bright in all!

Flow-ers in the sum - mer, Fires in the fall.

II

Lit - tle In - dian, Sioux, or Crow, Lit - tle frost - y Es - ki - mo,

Lit - tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, O! don't you wish that you were me?



I. This Little Pig

II. My Black Hen

I

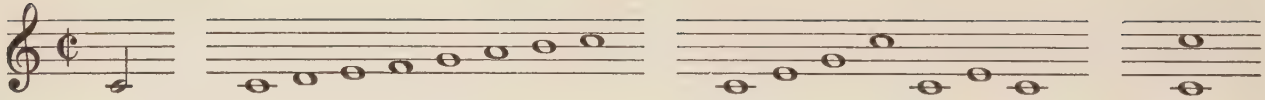
This lit - tle pig went to mar - ket; This lit - tle pig stayed home; . . .

This lit - tle pig had bread and meat, This lit-tle pig had none. . . .

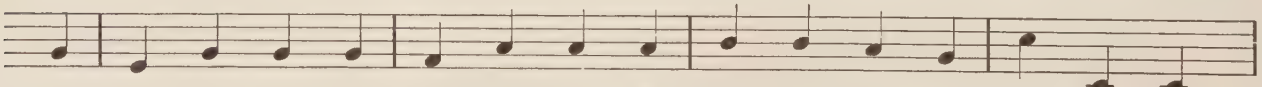
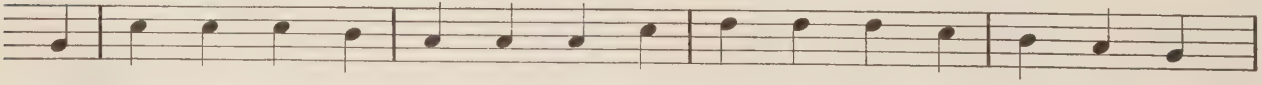
II

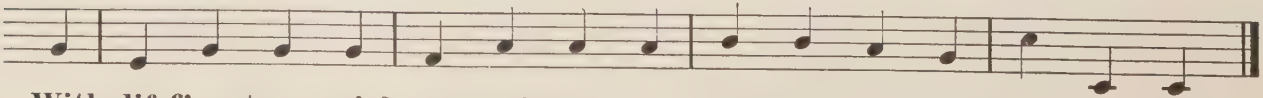
Hig-gle - dy Pig - gle - dy, my black hen, She lays eggs for gen - tle-men;

Some - times nine, and sometimes ten. Hig-gle-dy Pig-gle-dy, my black hen!



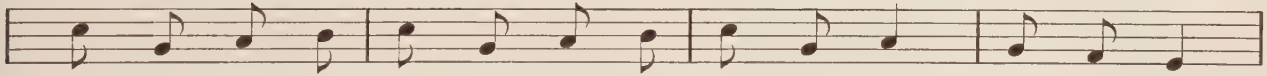
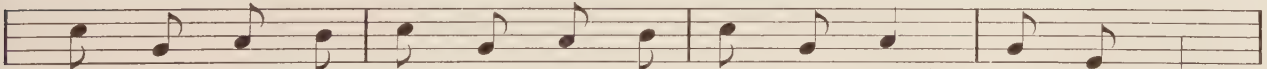
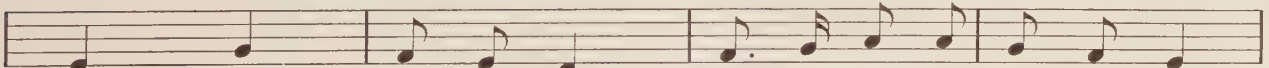
The Land of Counterpane

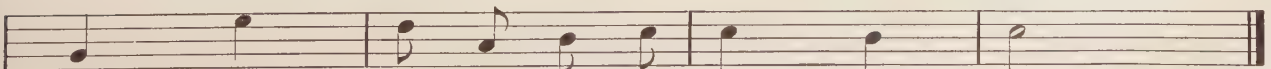
Robert Louis Stevenson



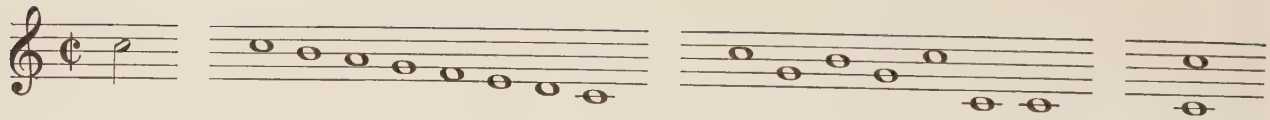


Frogs

Kate Forman

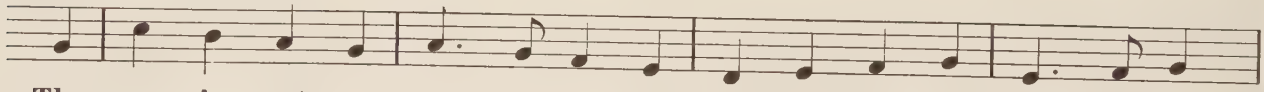
Hungarian Folk Song



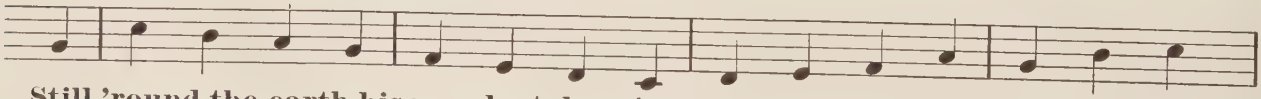


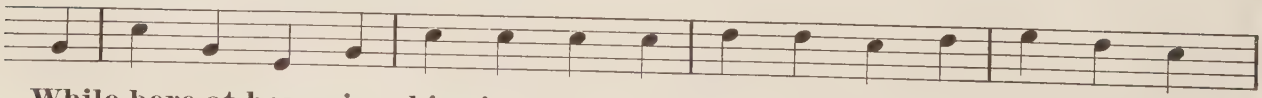
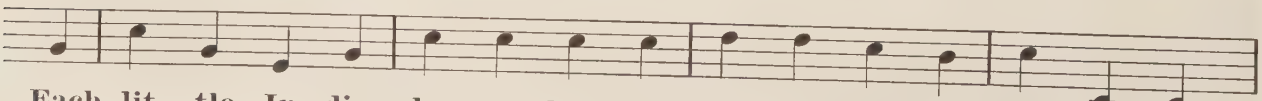
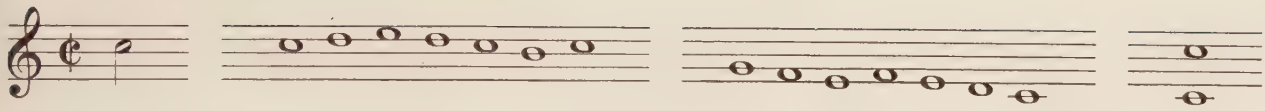


The Sun's Travels

Robert Louis Stevenson







I. The Sun's Travels—(*Concluded*)

I

And when at eve I rise from tea, Day dawns be-yond the At-lan-tic Sea;

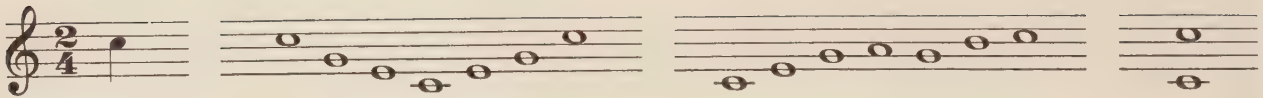
And all the chil-dren in the West Are gett-ing up and be-ing dressed.

II. The Little Moon

II

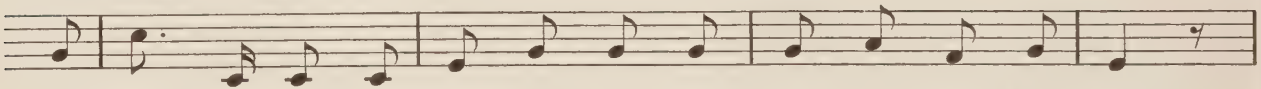
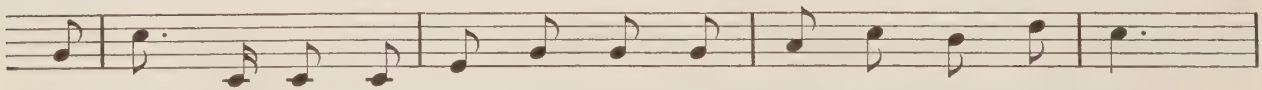
As on my bed at night I lay, I saw the lit-tle moon at play;

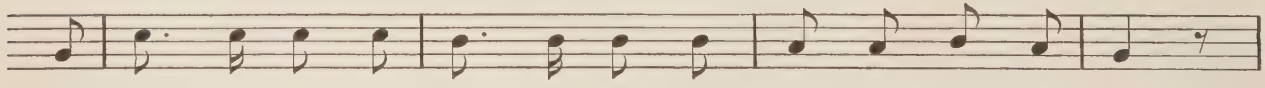
The lit-tle moon climbed up a tree, And threw a sil-ver kiss to me.

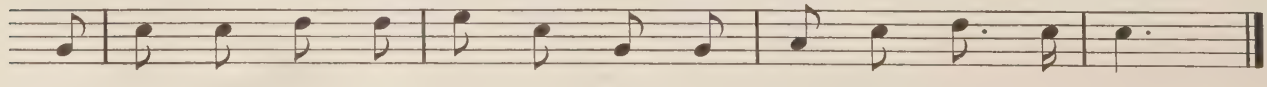


A Good Boy

Robert Louis Stevenson



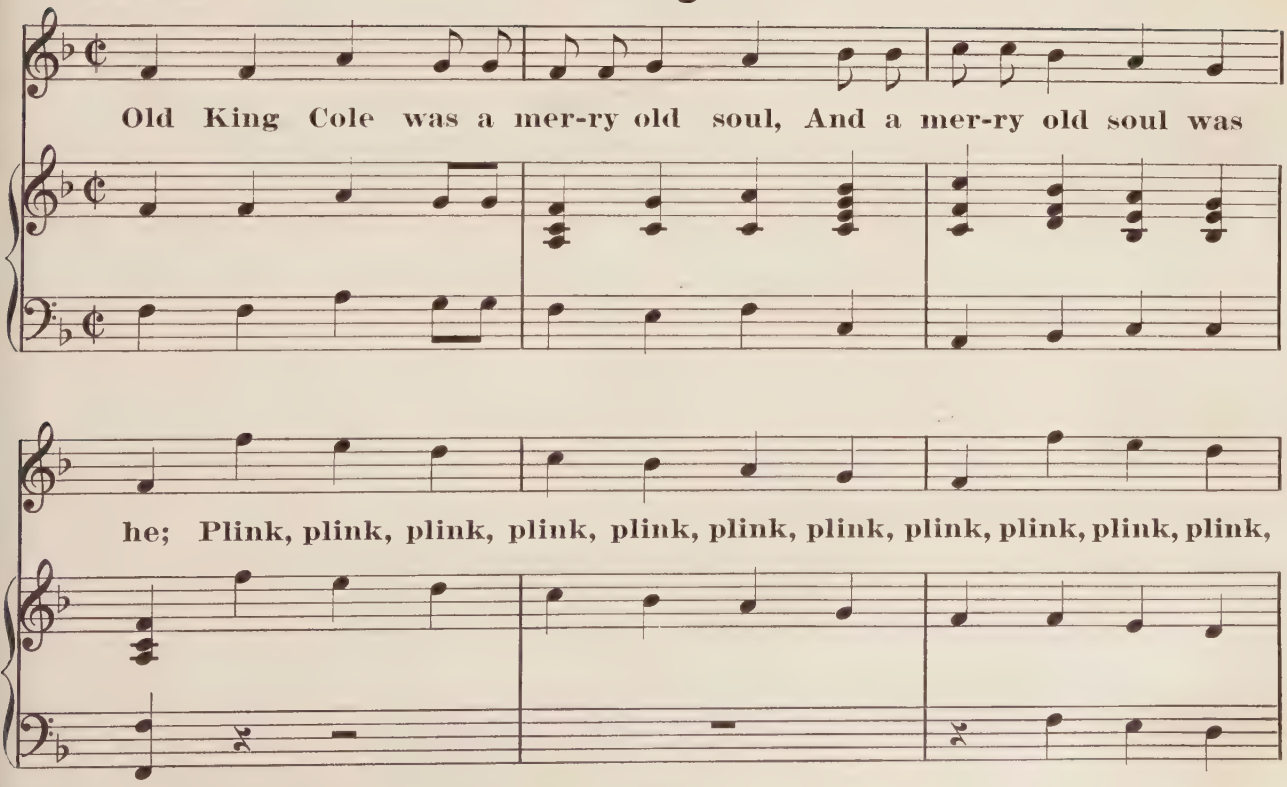


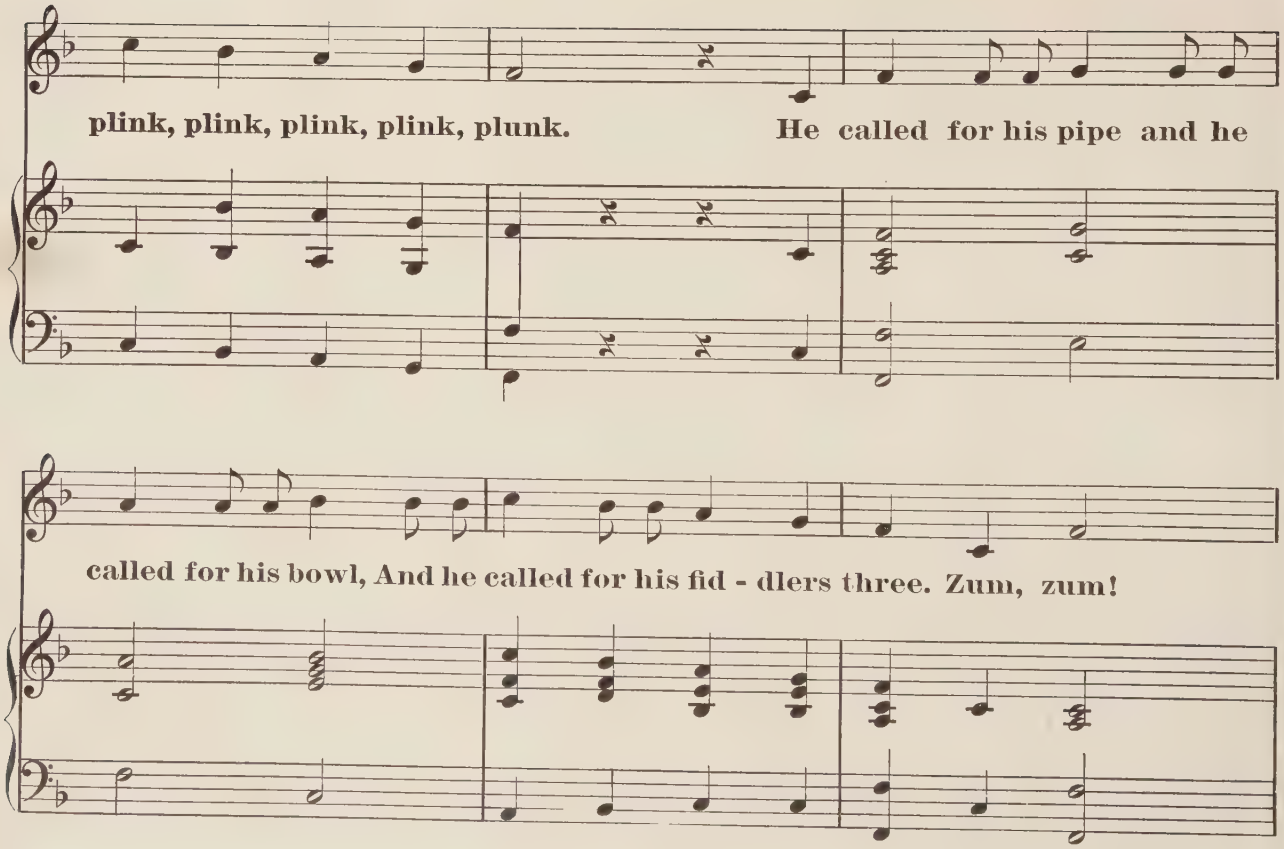


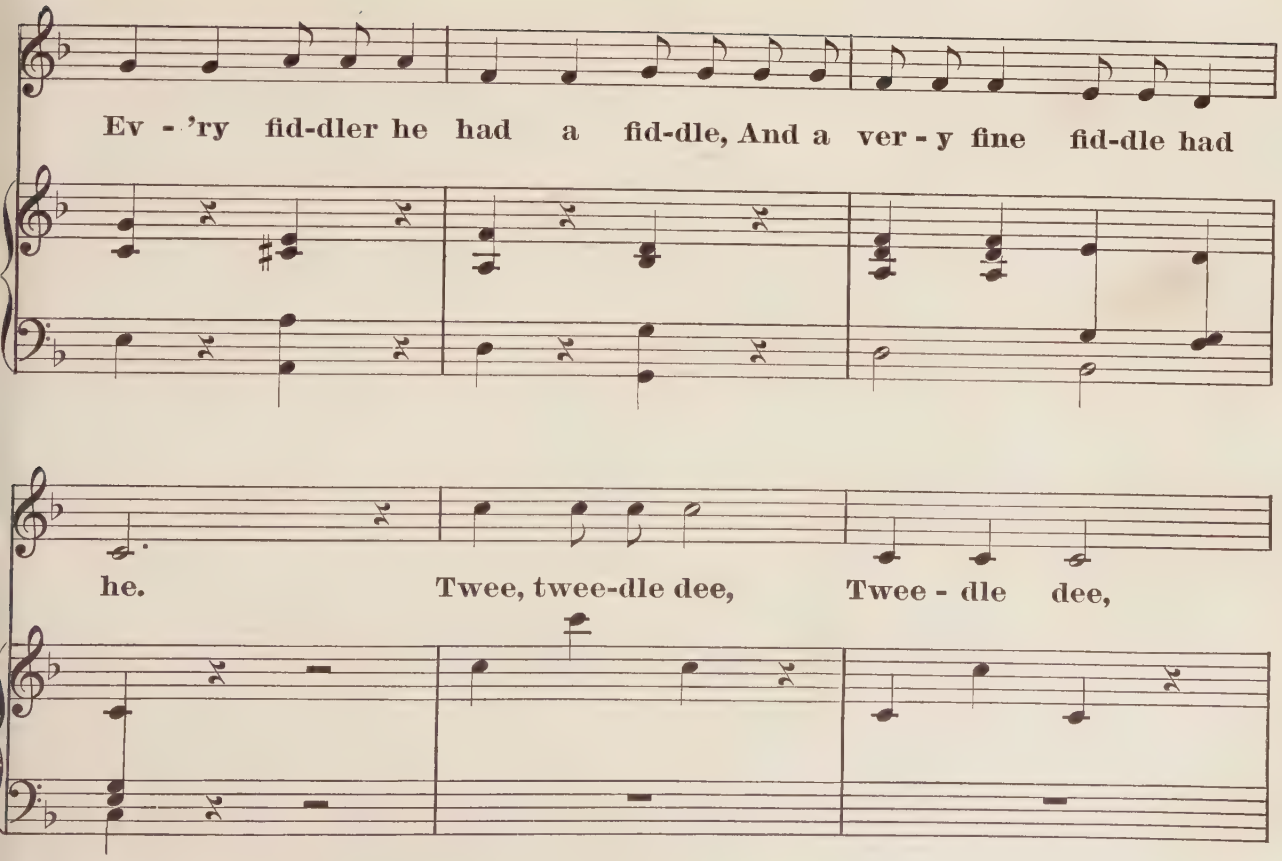
PART TWO

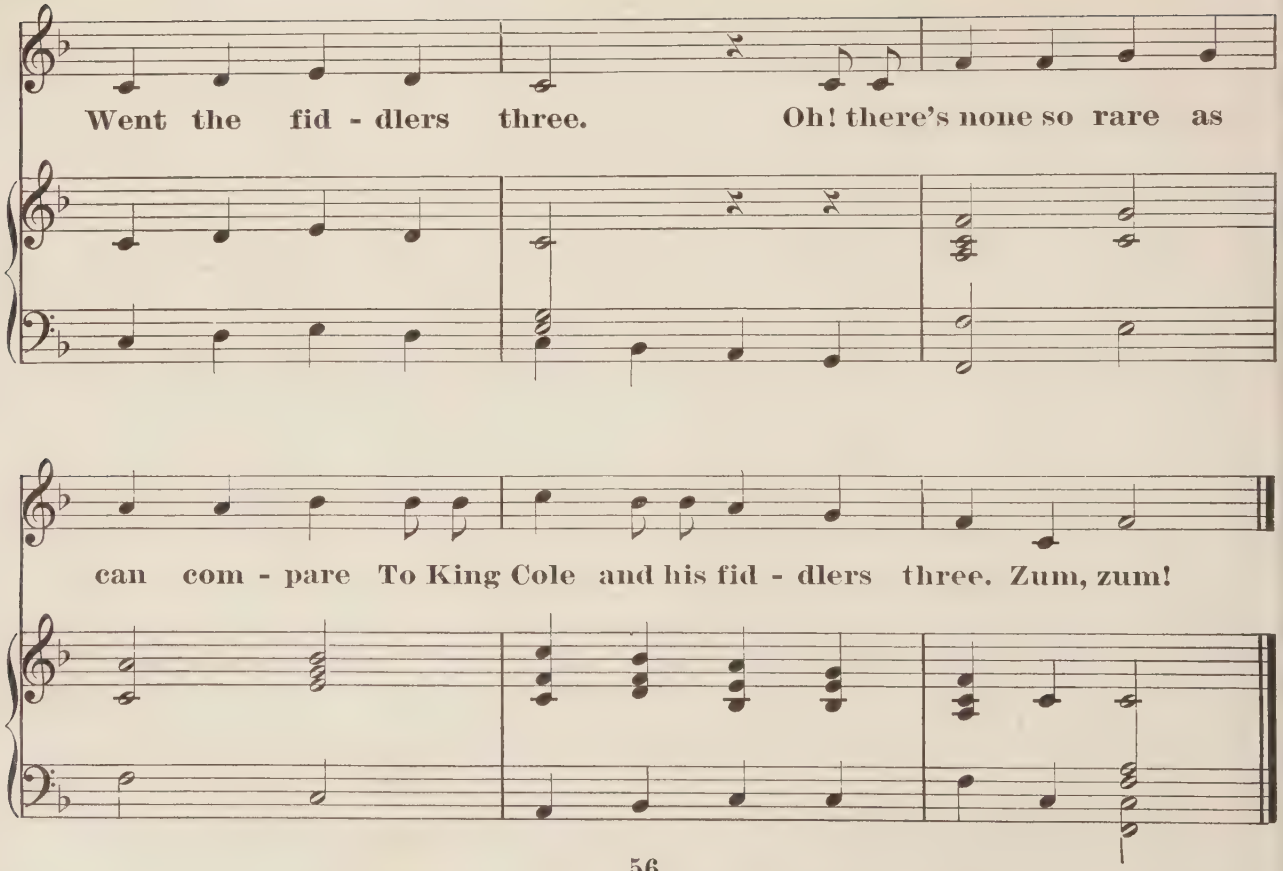
Old King Cole

Nursery Rime


Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was
he; Plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink,


plink, plink, plink, plink, plunk.
He called for his pipe and he
called for his bowl, And he called for his fid - dlers three. Zum, zum!

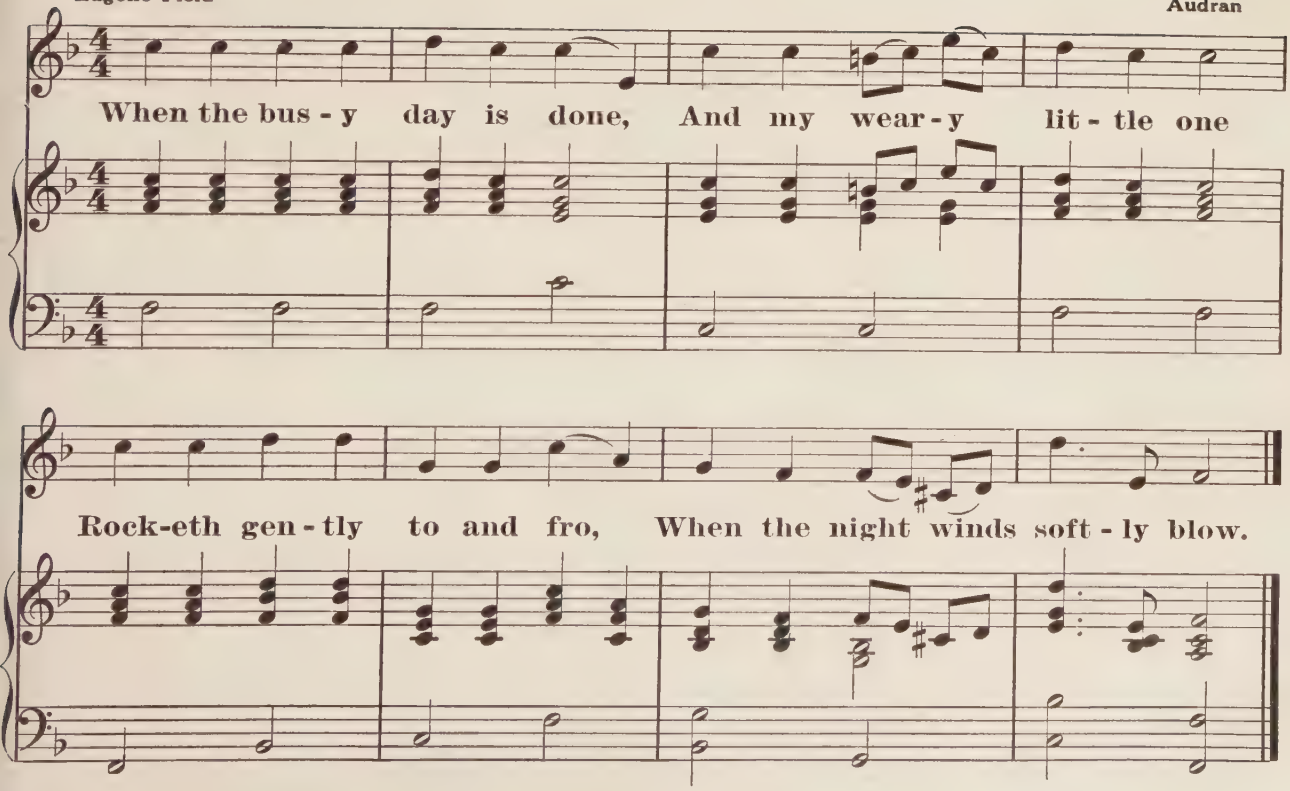

Ev - 'ry fid-dler he had a fid-dle, And a ver - y fine fid-dle had
he. Twee, twee-dle dee, Twee - dle dee,


Went the fid - dlers three.
Oh! there's none so rare as
can com - pare To King Cole and his fid - dlers three. Zum, zum!

Evening

Eugene Field

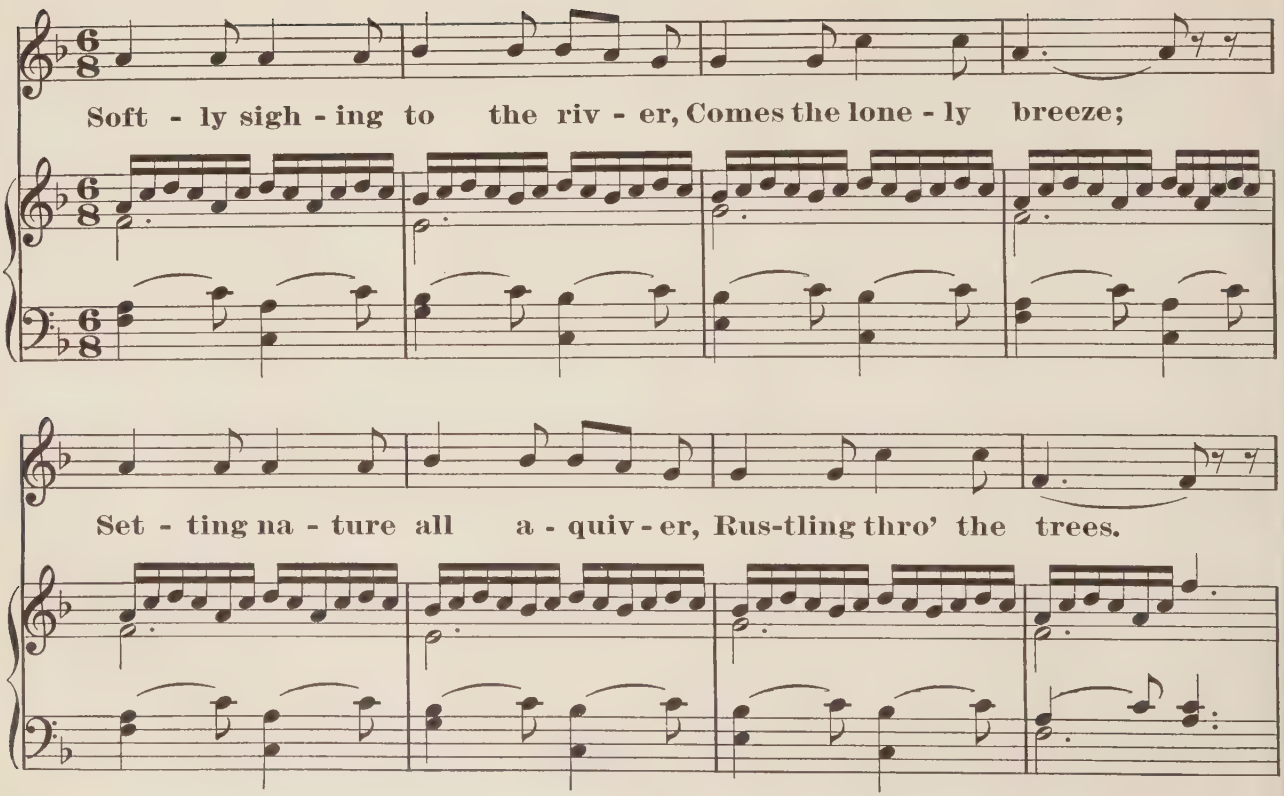
Audran

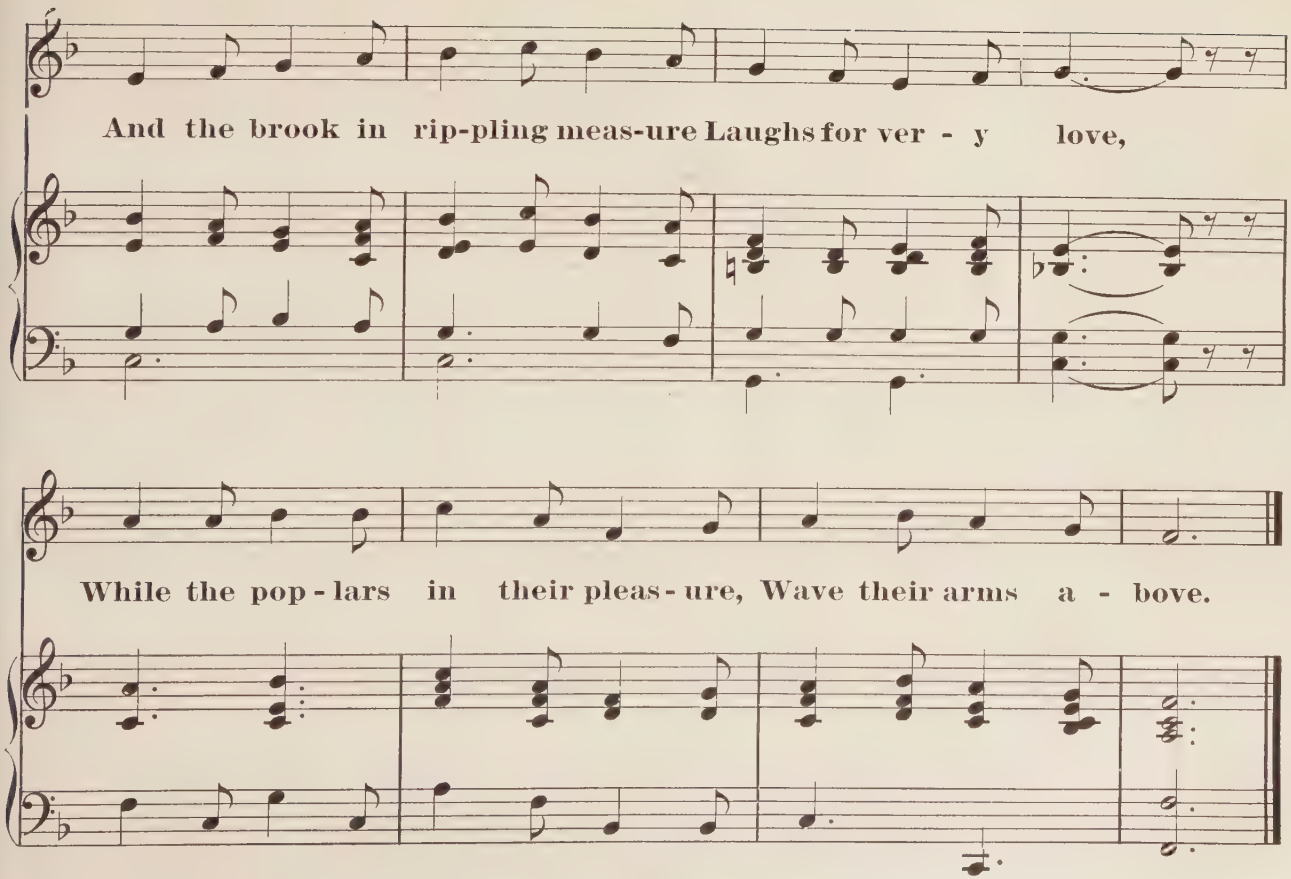


Spring

W. S. Gilbert

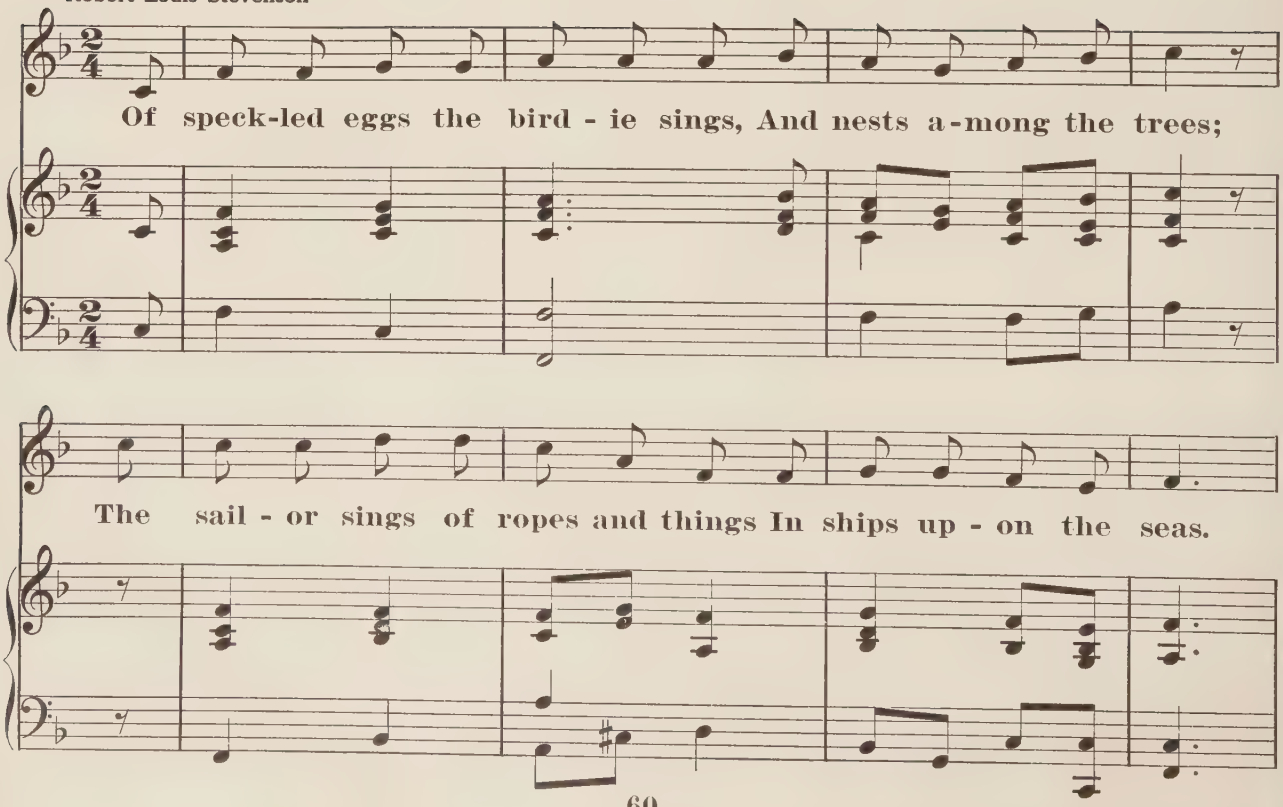
Arthur Sullivan

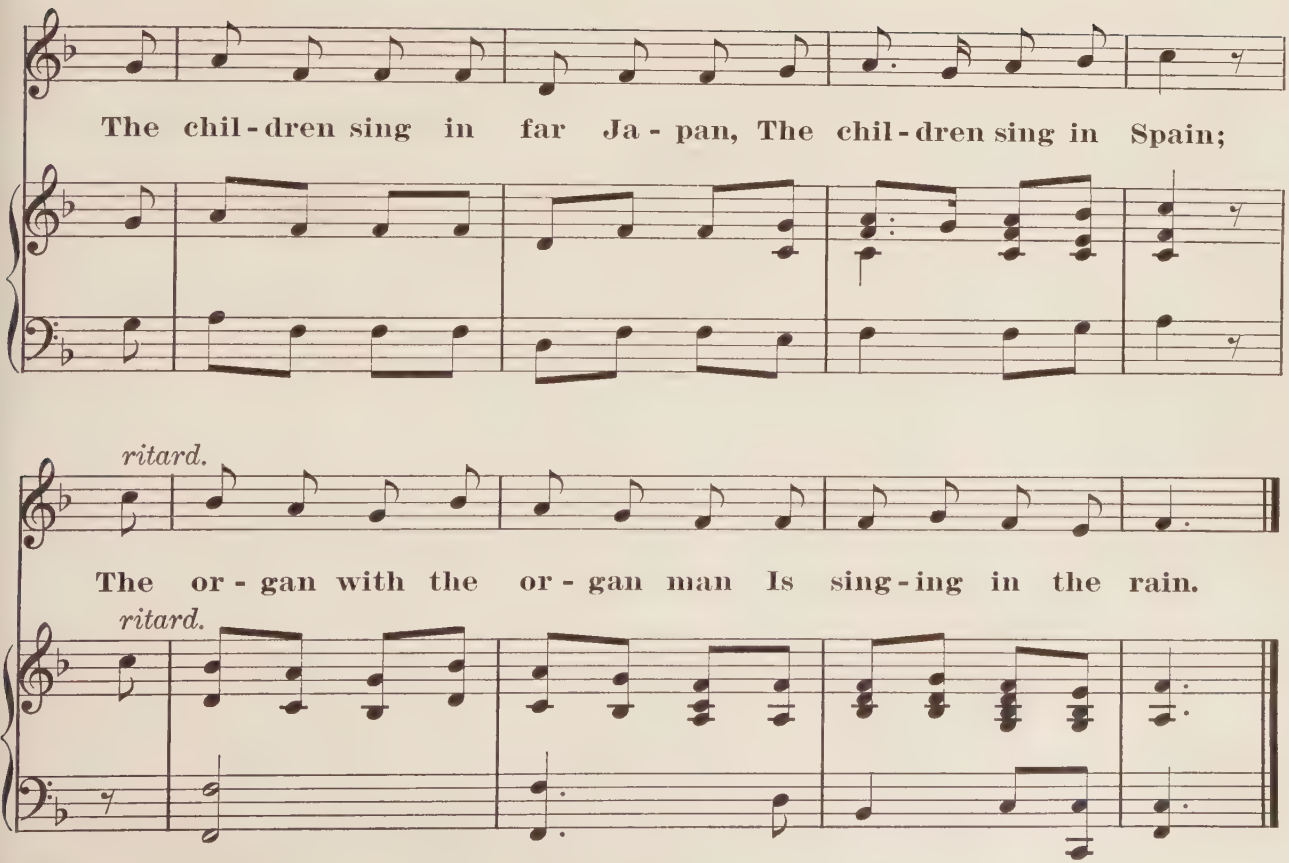



And the brook in rip-pling meas-ure Laughs for ver - y love,
While the pop - lars in their pleas - ure, Wave their arms a - bove.

Singing

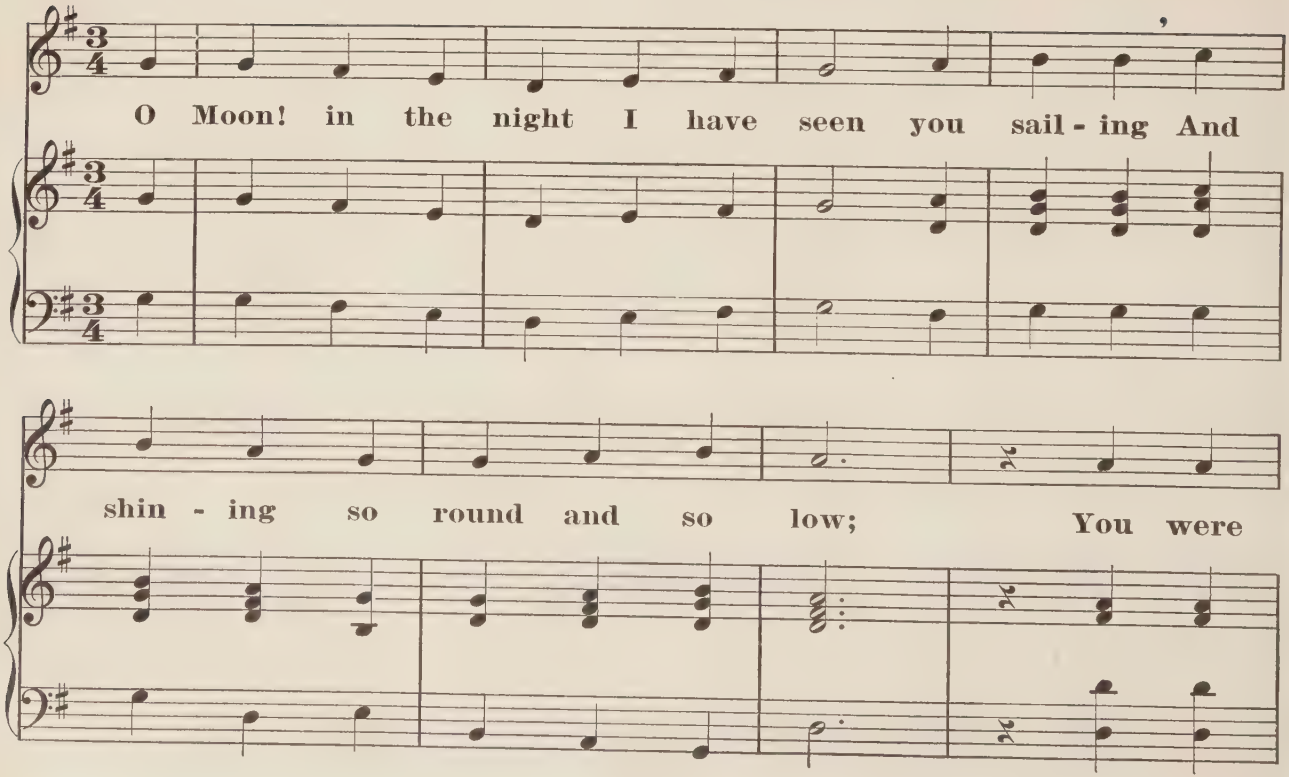
Robert Louis Stevenson

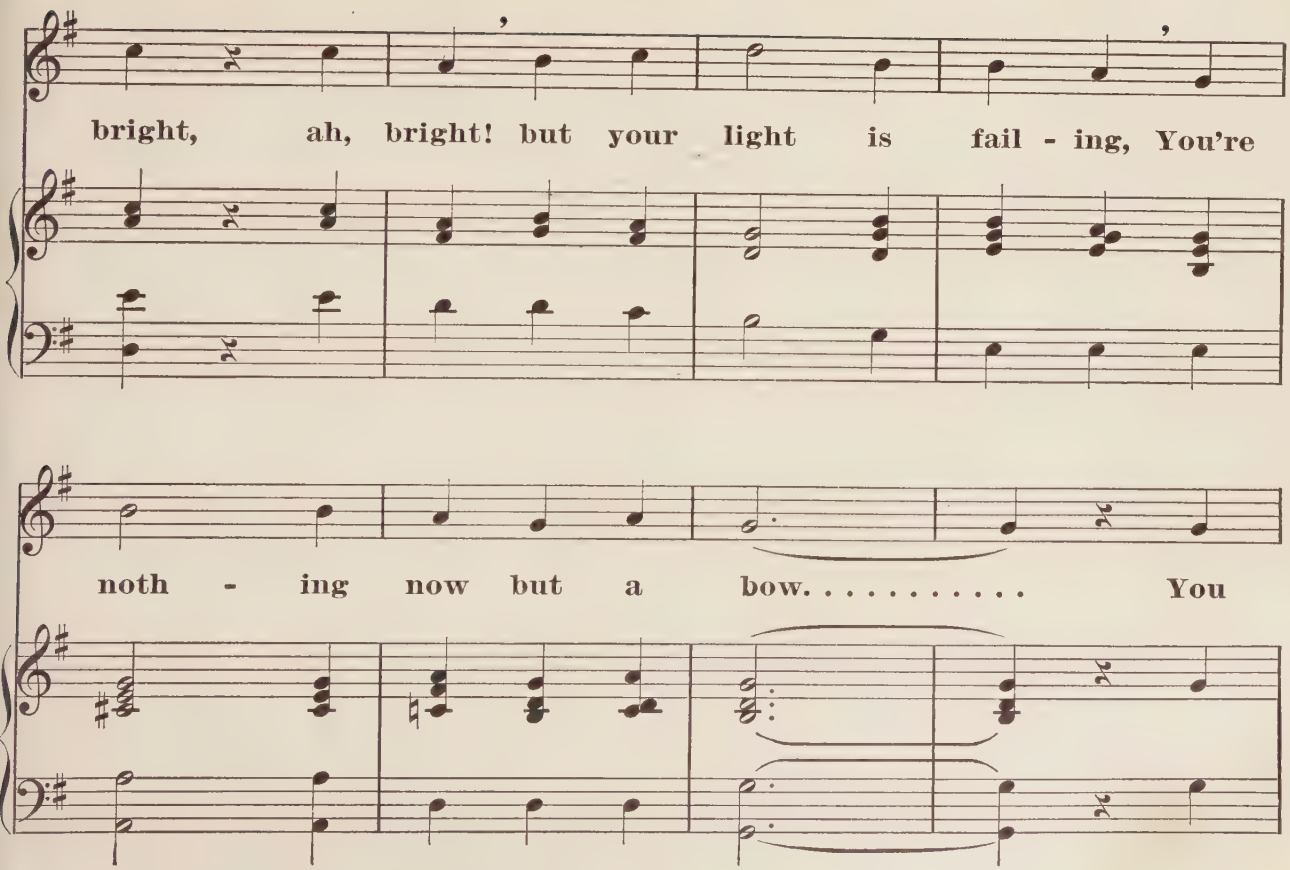


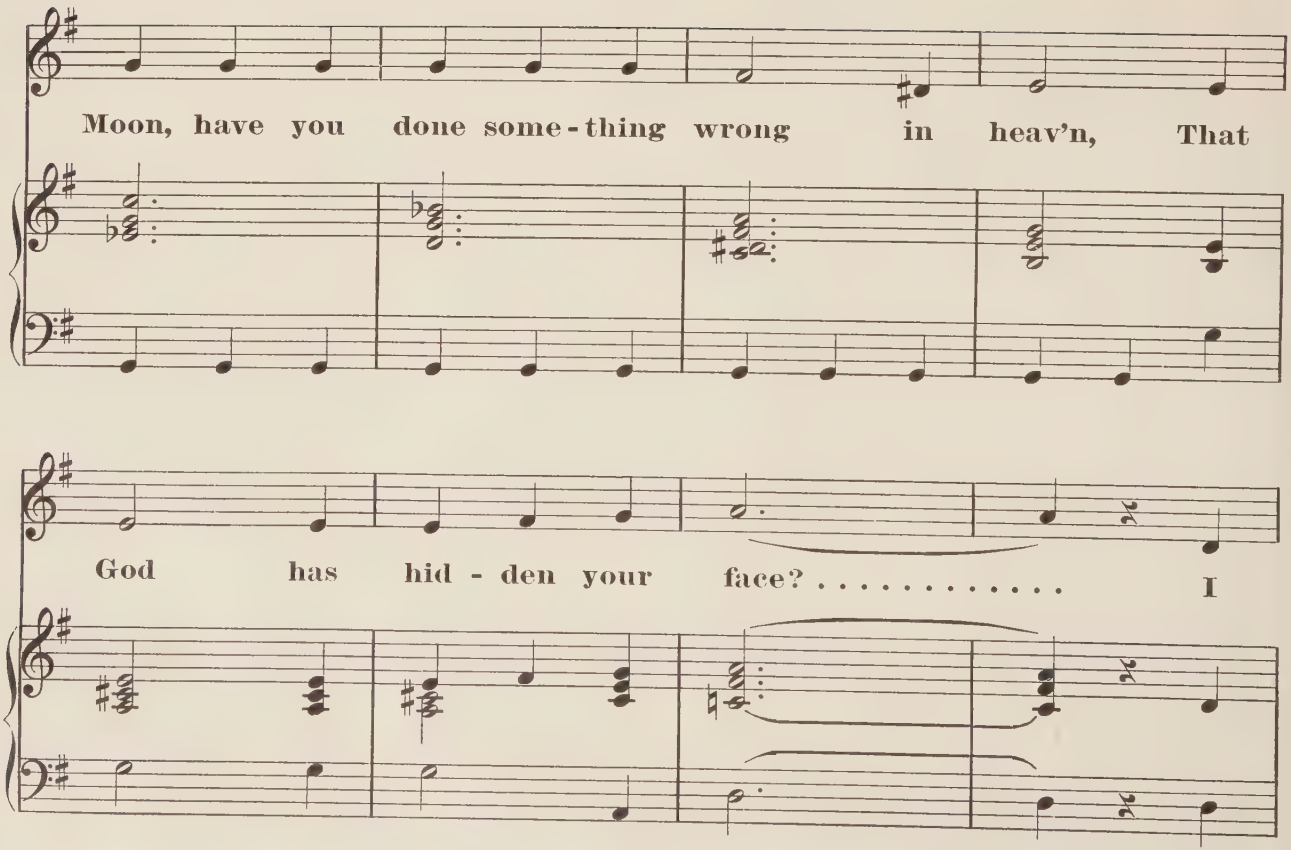
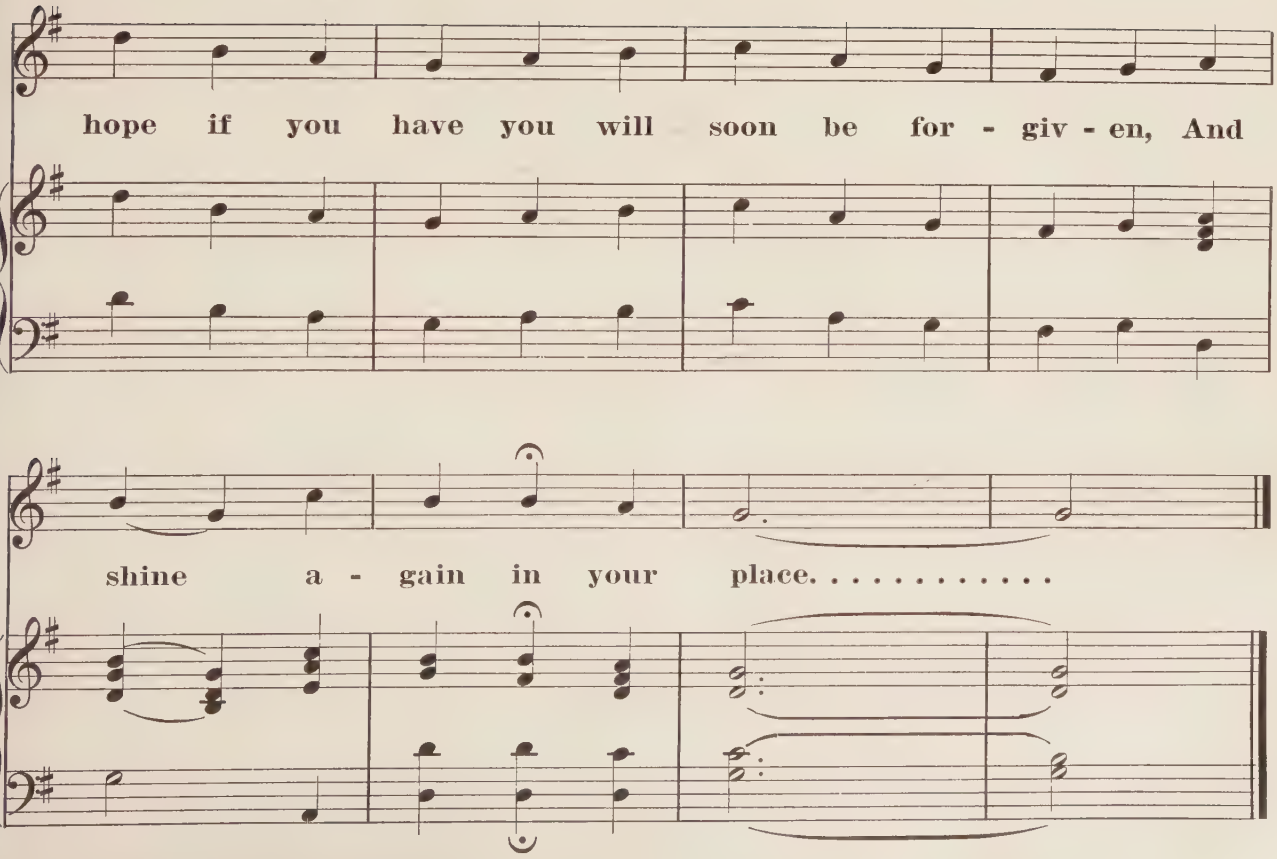

The chil - dren sing in far Ja - pan, The chil - dren sing in Spain;
ritard.
The or - gan with the or - gan man Is sing - ing in the rain.
ritard.

O Moon! in the Night

Jean Ingelow

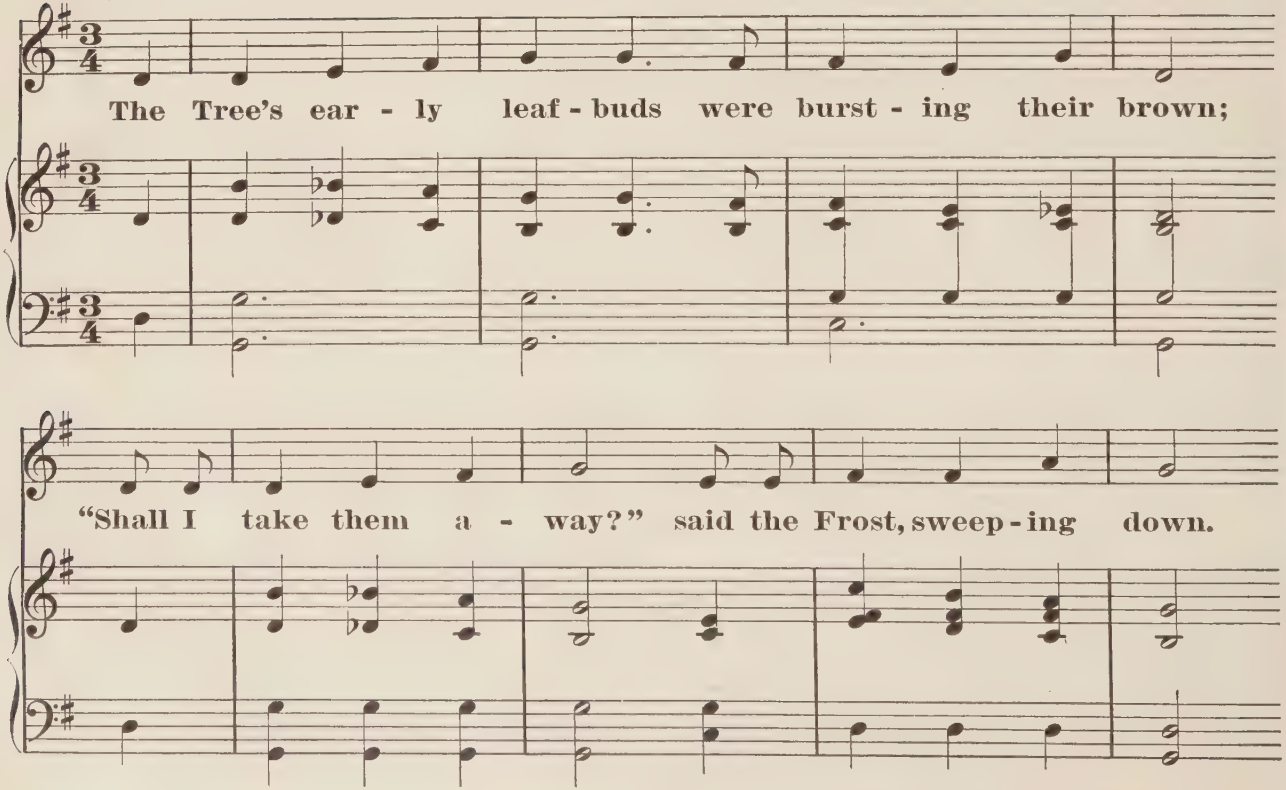


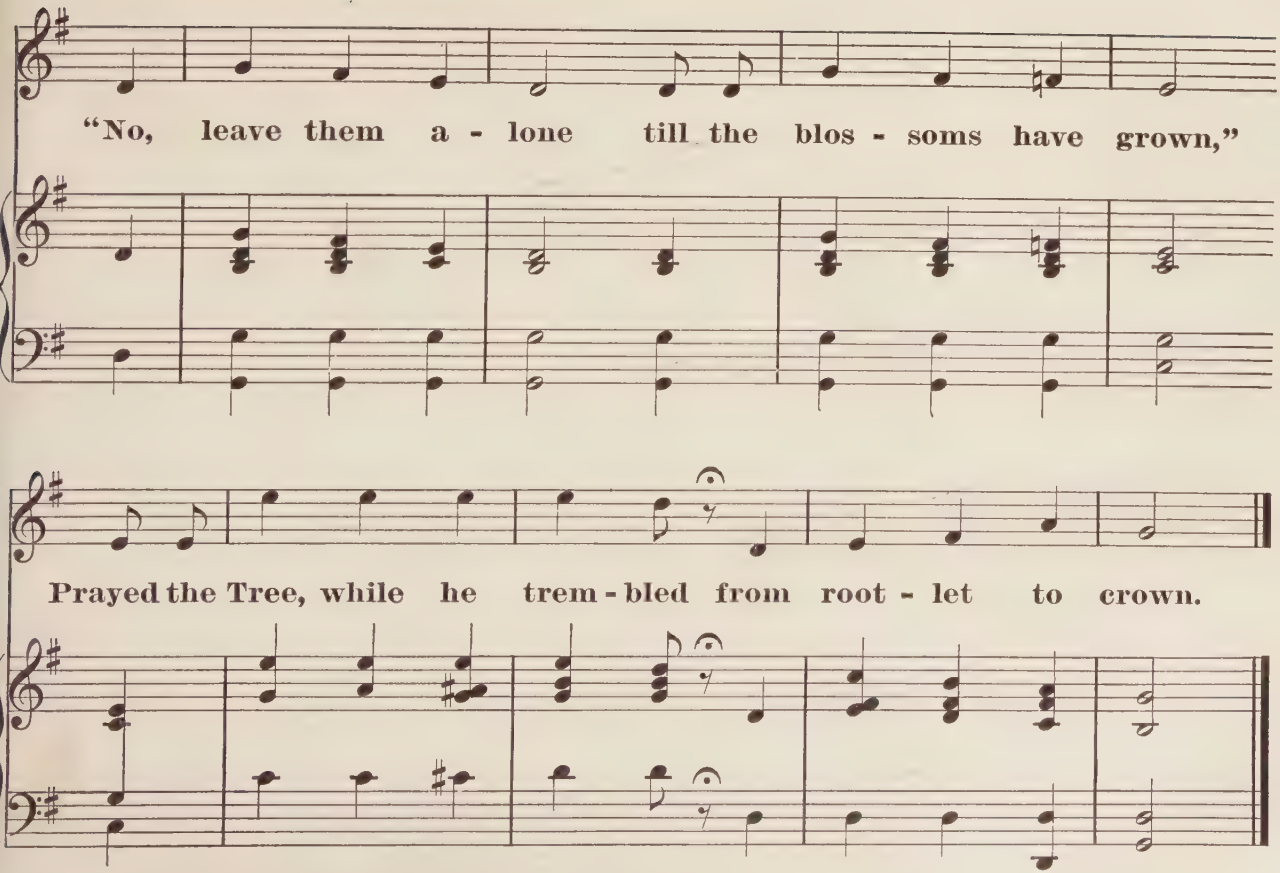

bright, ah, bright! but your light is fail - ing, You're
noth - ing now but a bow. . . . . You


Moon, have you done some-thing wrong in heav'n, That
God has hid - den your face? I

hope if you have you will soon be for - giv - en, And
shine a - gain in your place. . . . . .

The Tree and Jack Frost

B. Björnson

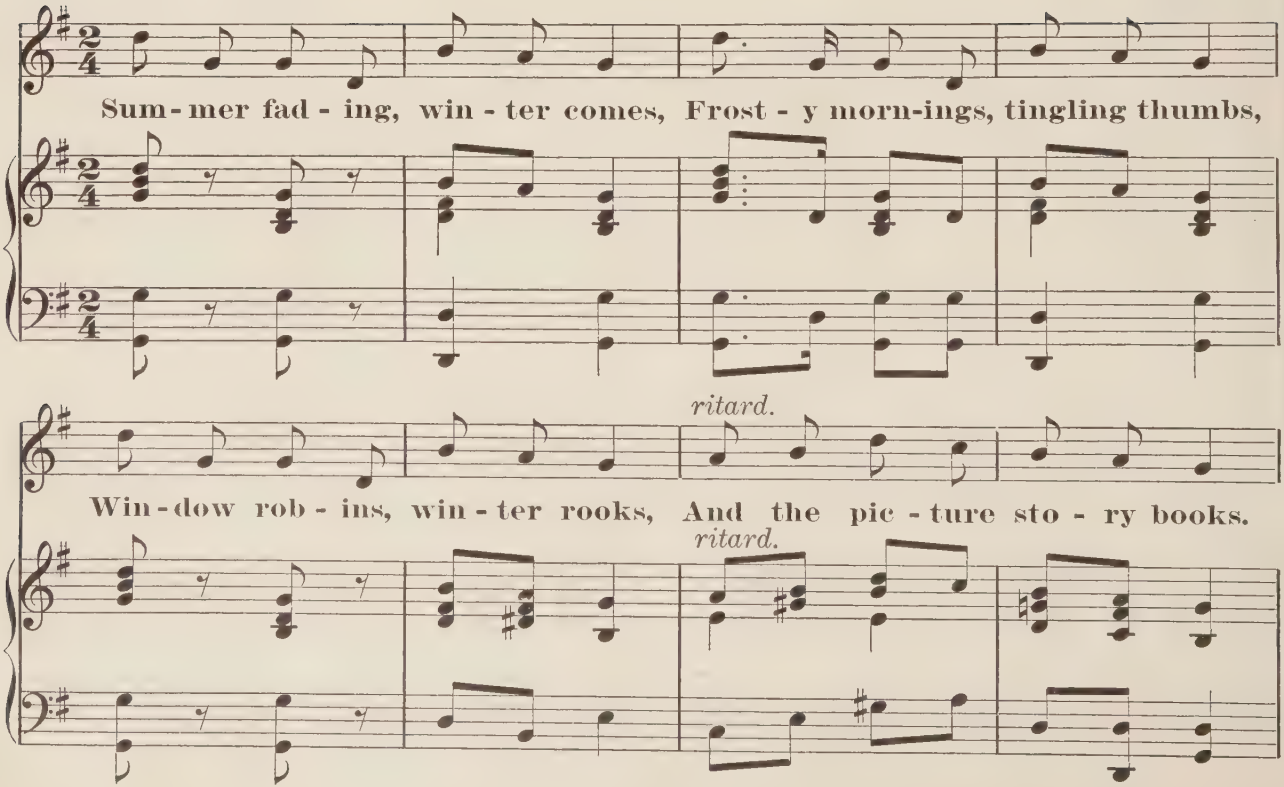


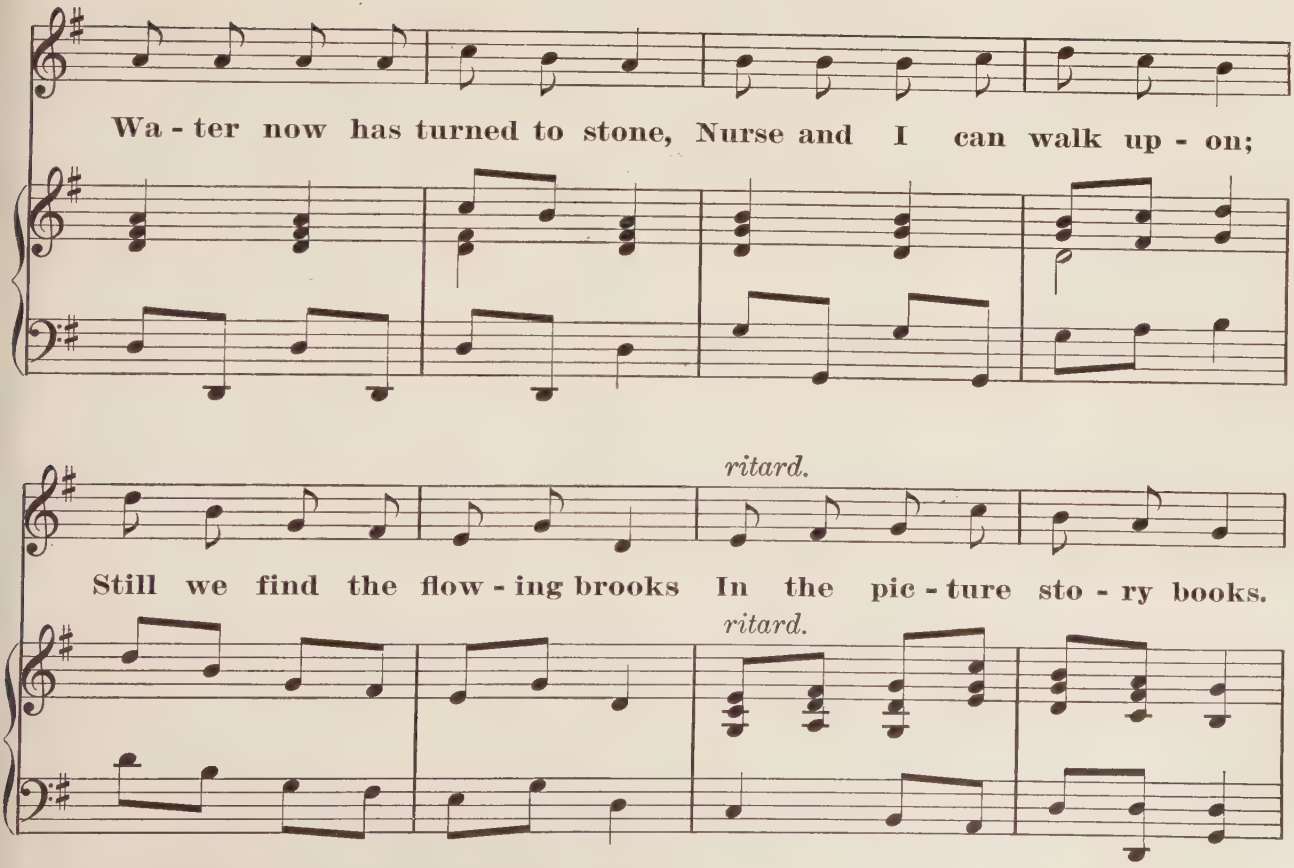

"No, leave them a - lone till the blos - soms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trem - bled from root - let to crown.

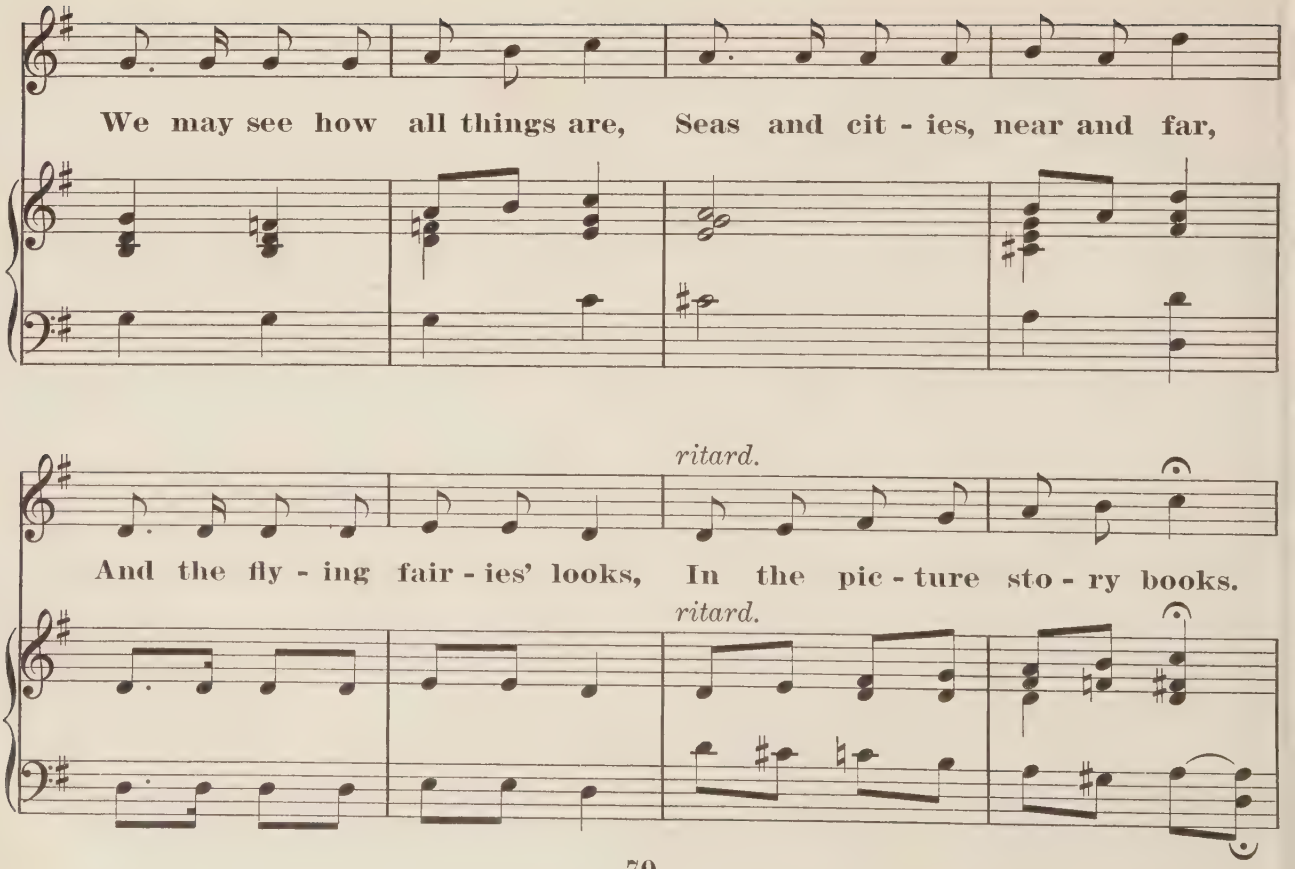
Picture Books in Winter

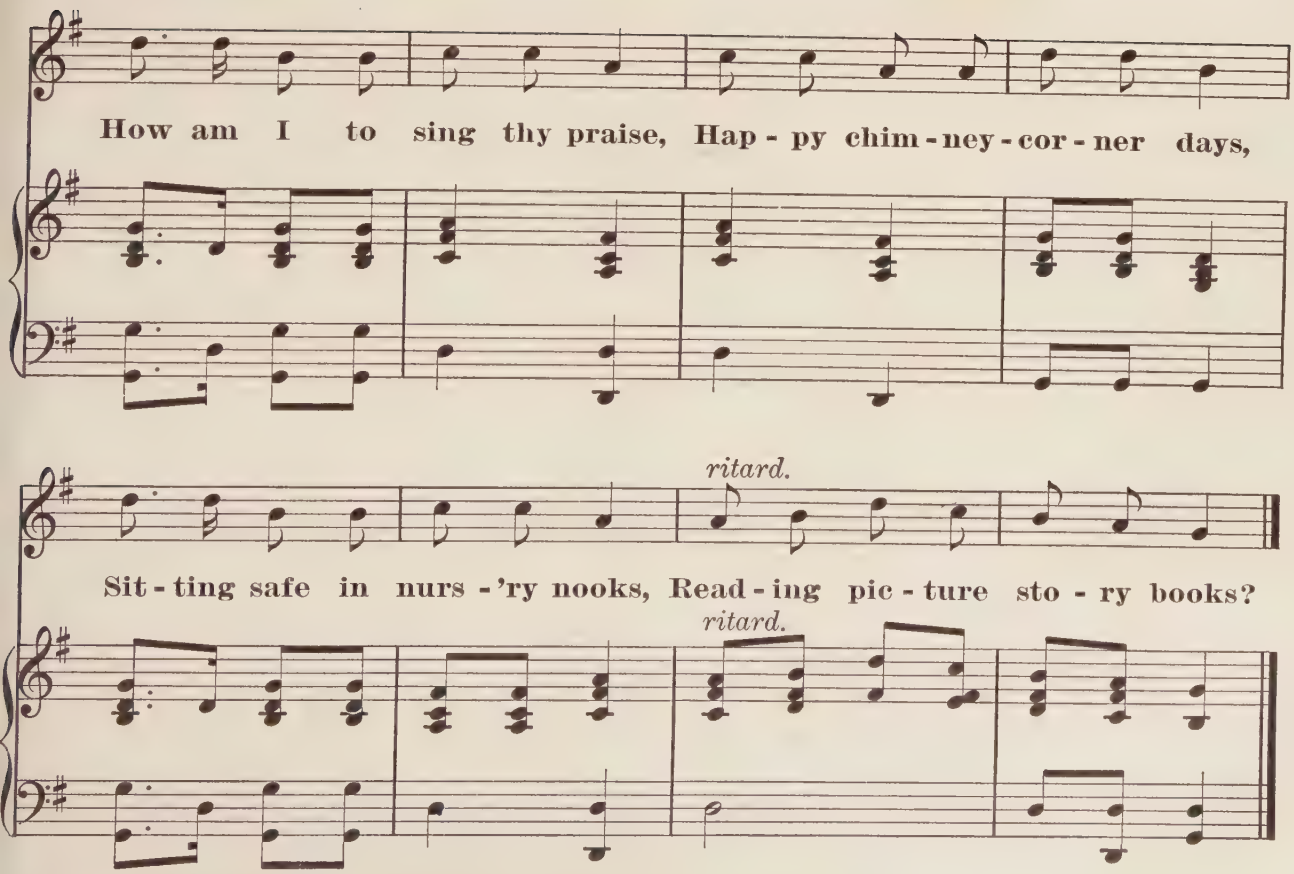
Robert Louis Stevenson

Audran


Sum - mer fad - ing, win - ter comes, Frost - y morn-ings, tingling thumbs,
ritard.
Win - dow rob - ins, win - ter rooks, And the pic - ture sto - ry books.
ritard.

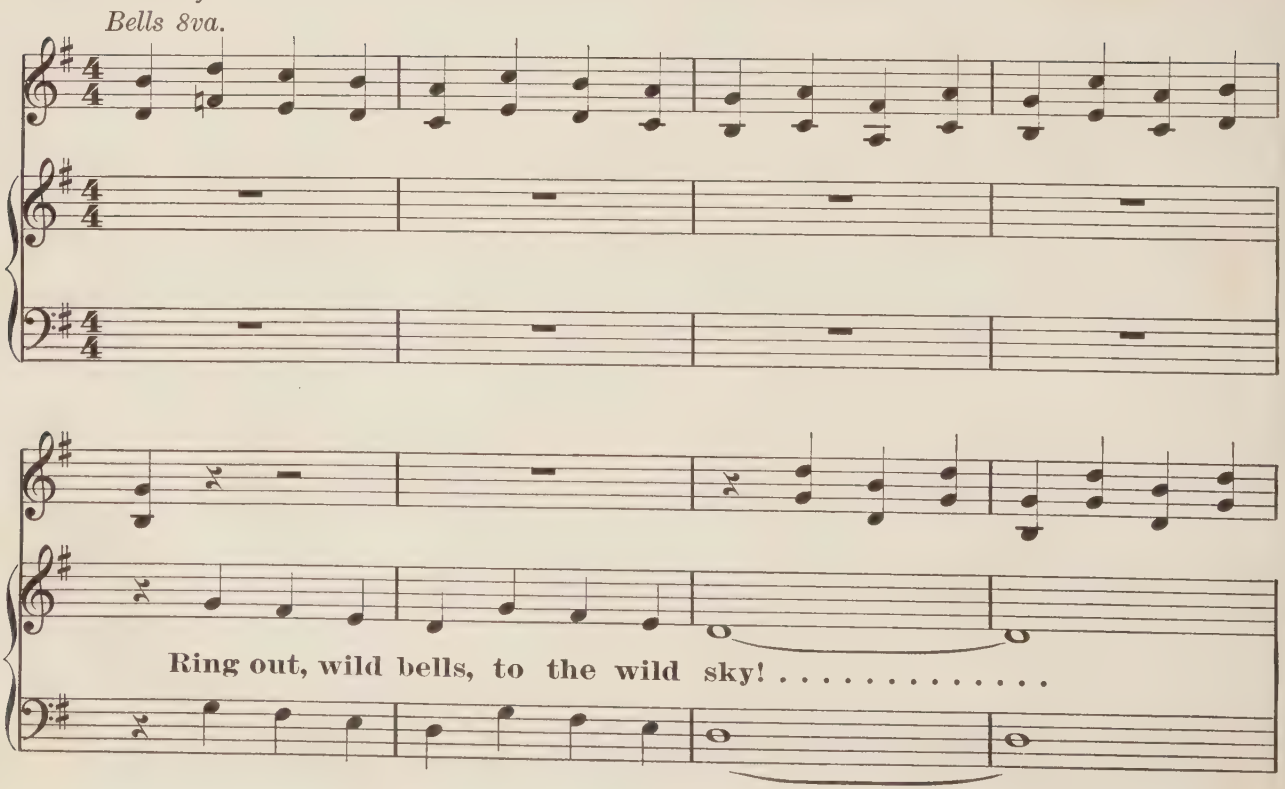

Wa - ter now has turned to stone, Nurse and I can walk up - on;
ritard.
Still we find the flow - ing brooks In the pic - ture sto - ry books.
ritard.

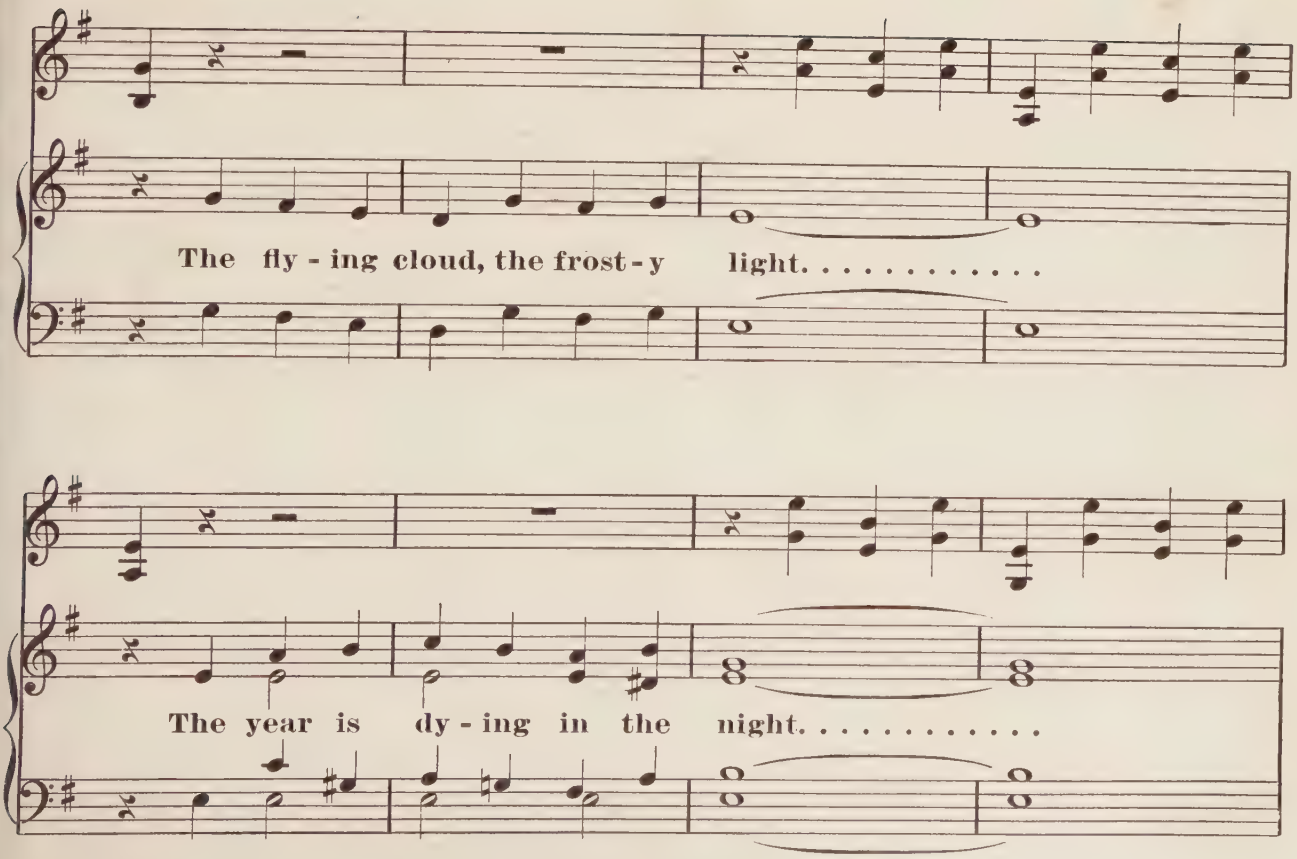

We may see how all things are, Seas and cit - ies, near and far,
ritard.
And the fly - ing fair - ies' looks, In the pic - ture sto - ry books.
ritard.

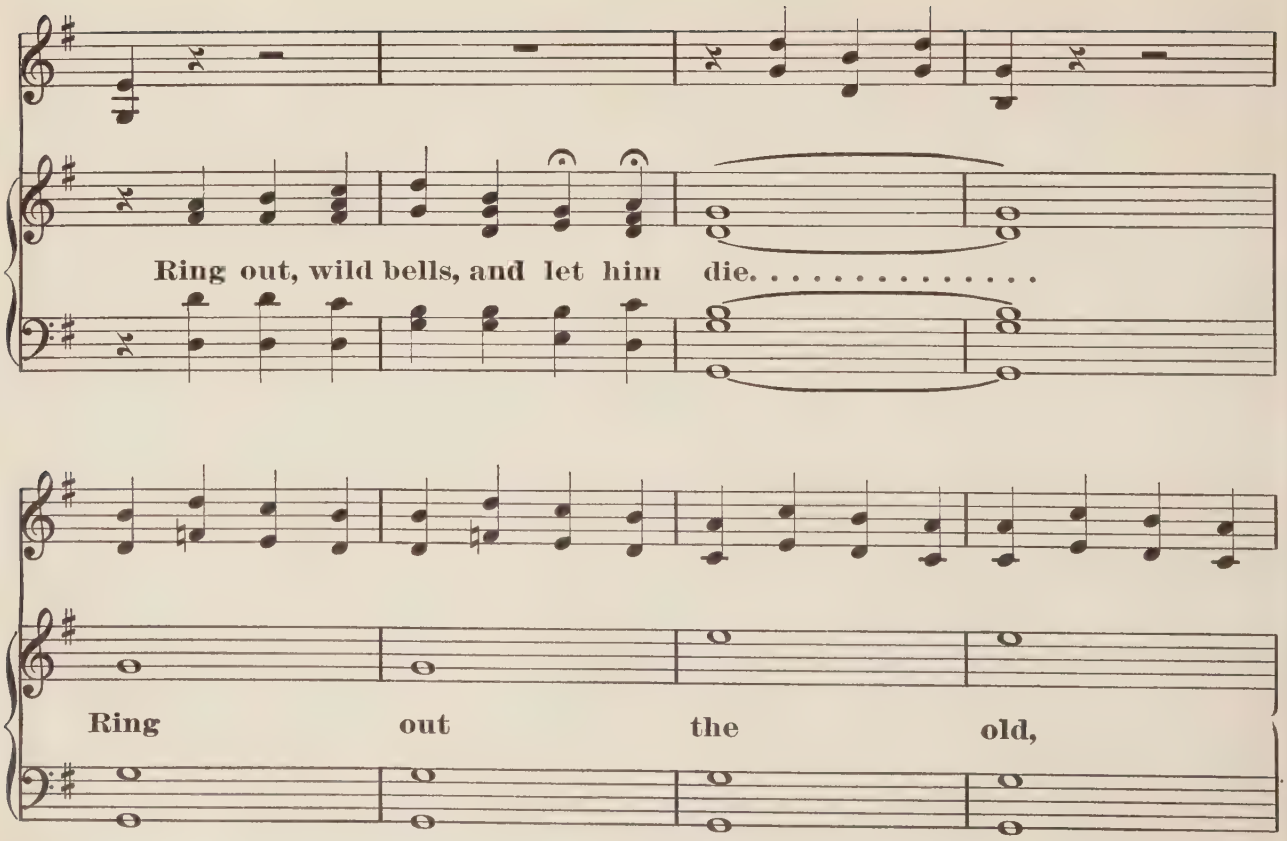
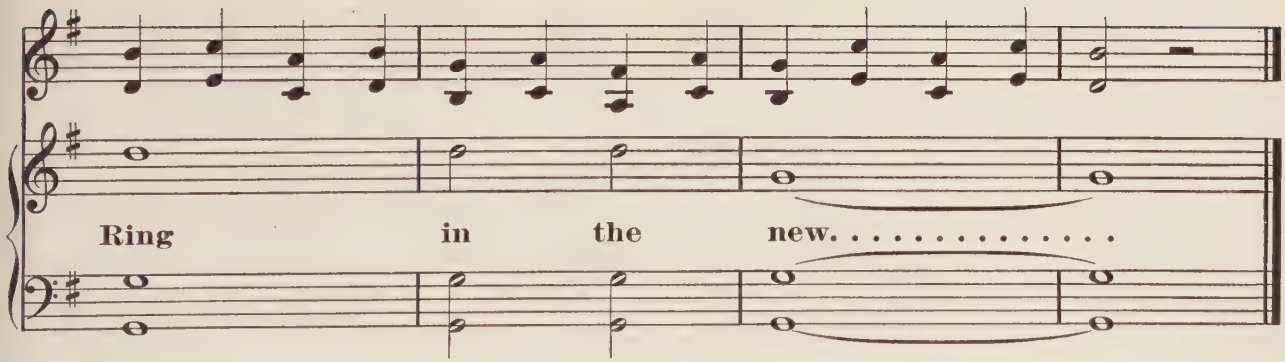

How am I to sing thy praise, Hap - py chim - ney - cor - ner days,
ritard.
Sit - ting safe in nurs - 'ry nooks, Read - ing pic - ture sto - ry books?
ritard.

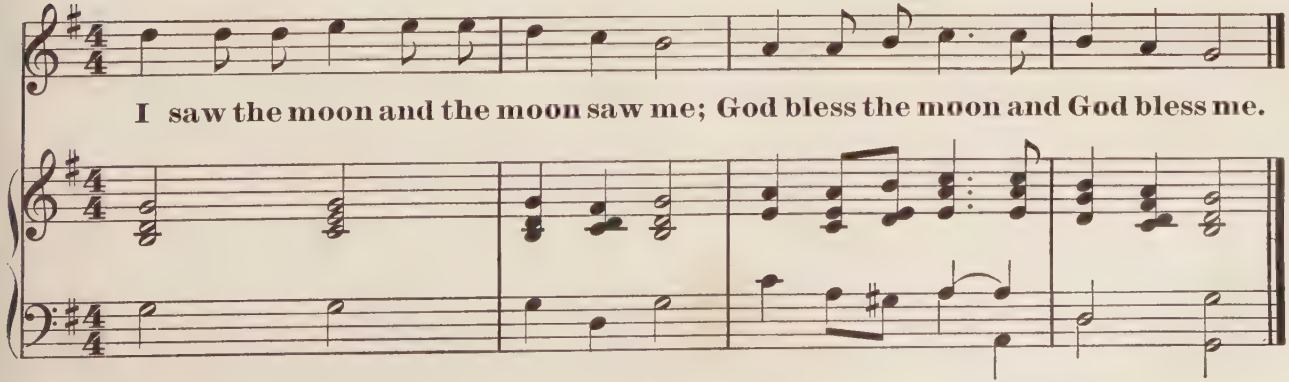
Ring Out, Wild Bells

Alfred Tennyson



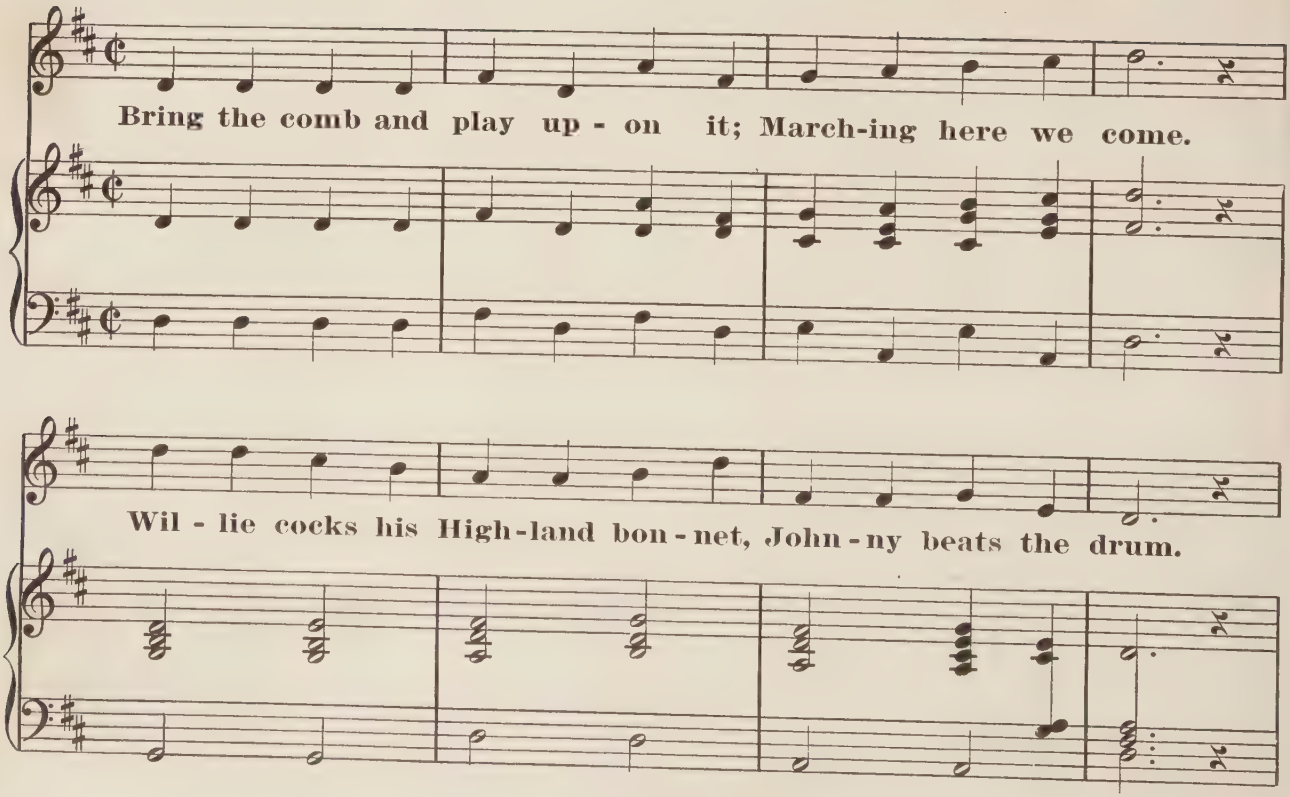

The fly - ing cloud, the frost - y light. . . . . .
The year is dy - ing in the night. . . . . .

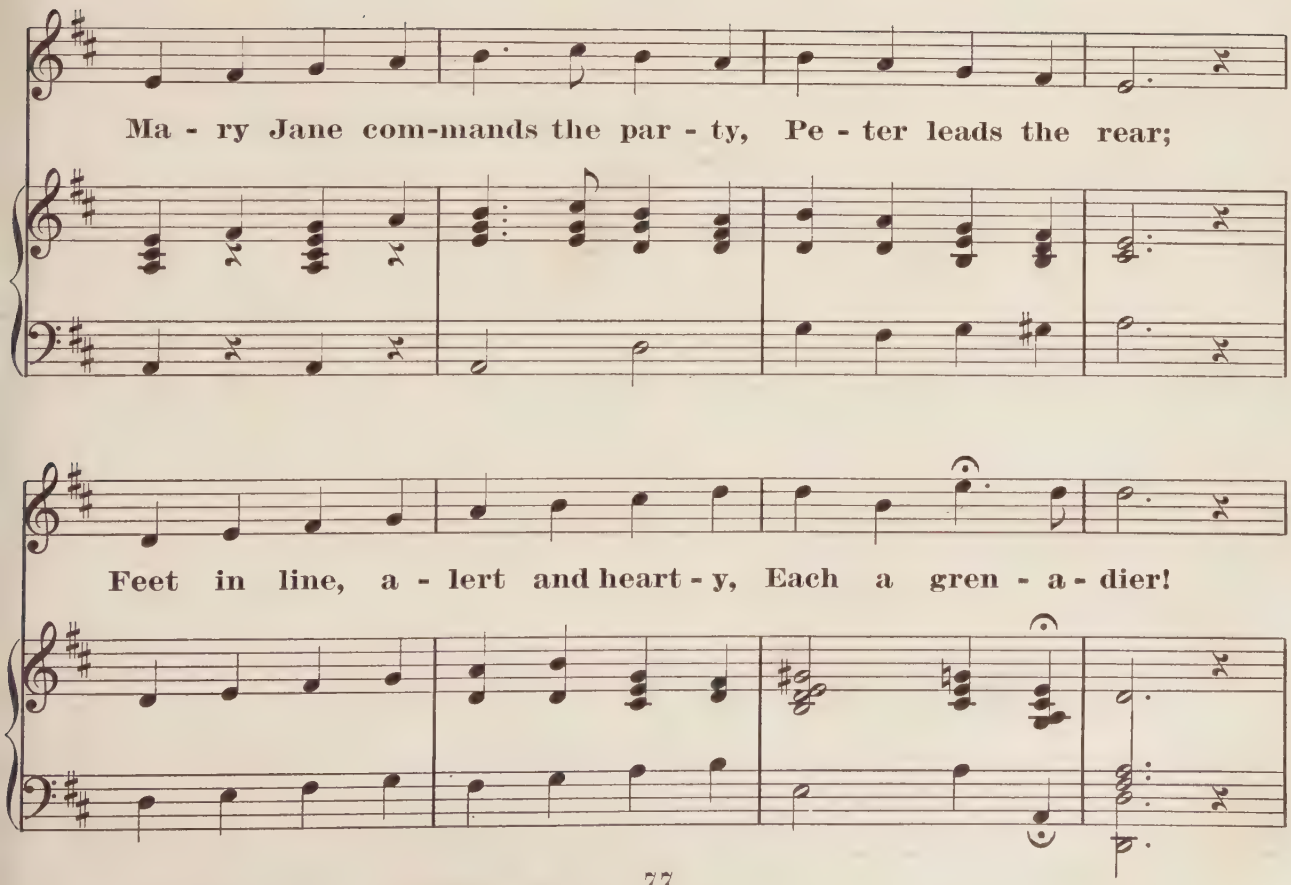

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. . . . . .
Ring out the old,

Friendliness

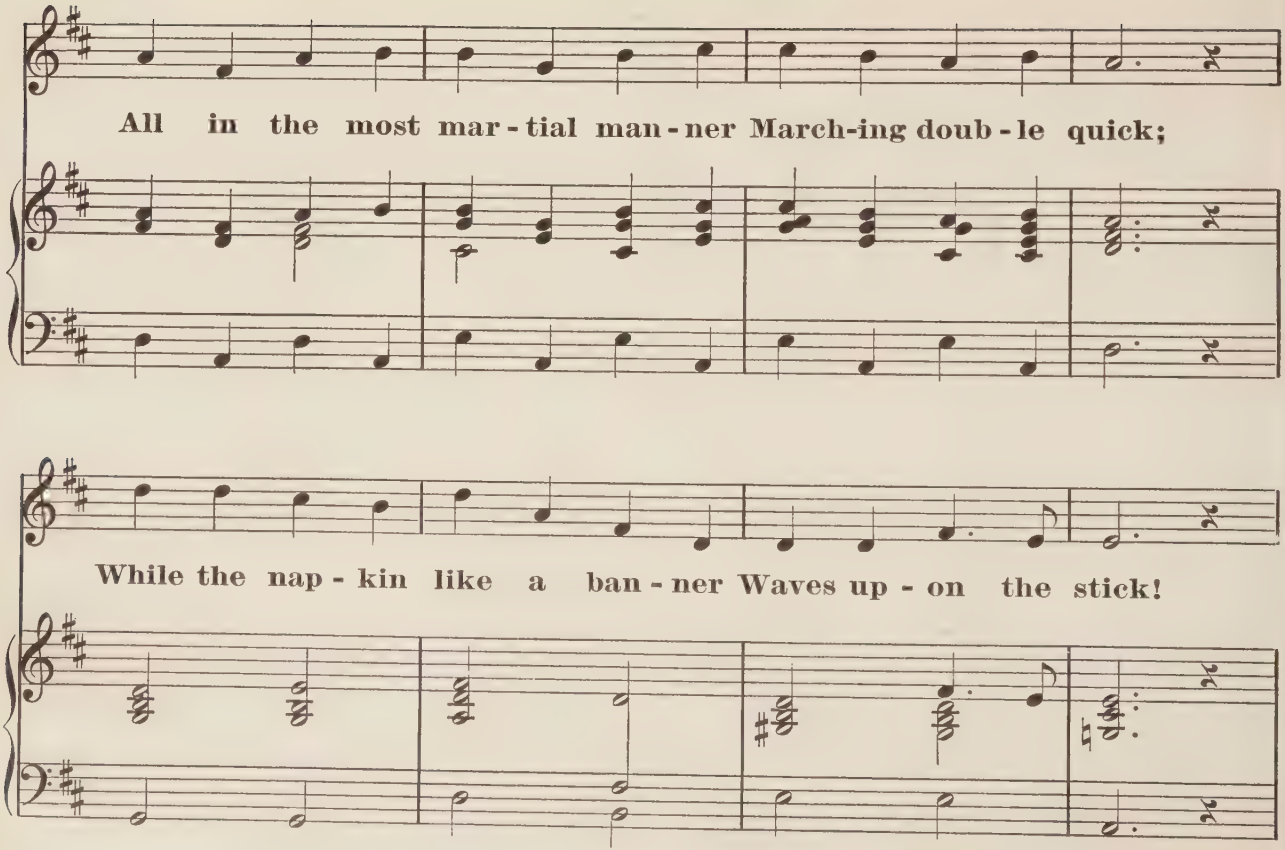


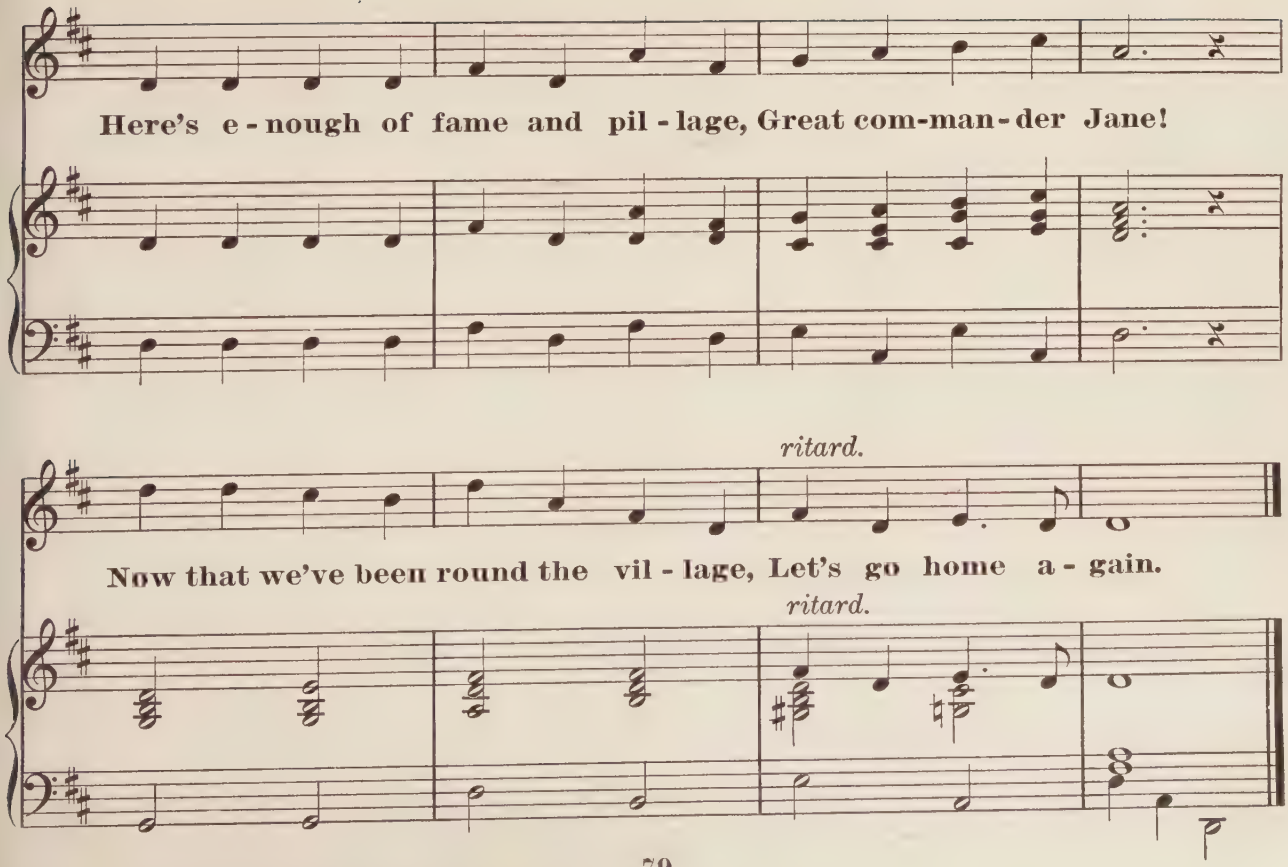
Marching Song

Robert Louis Stevenson



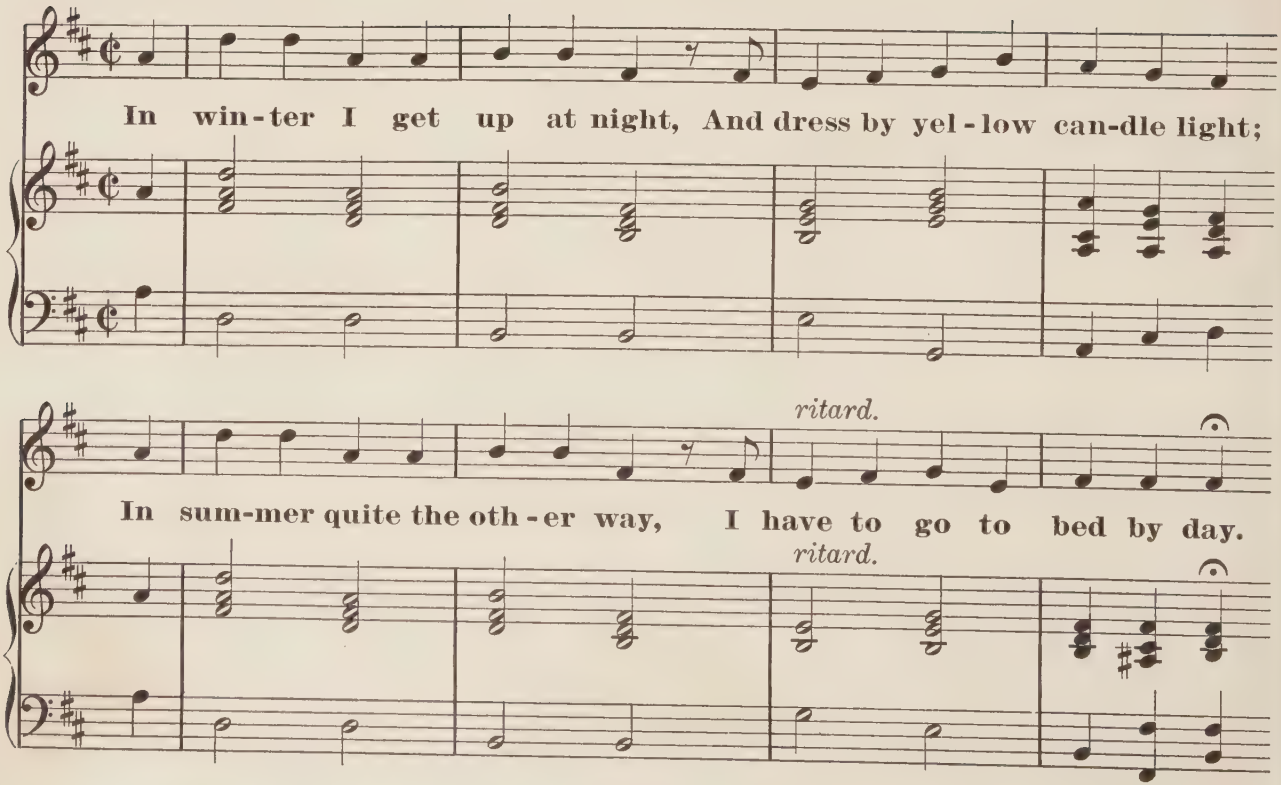

Ma - ry Jane com-mands the par - ty, Pe - ter leads the rear;
Feet in line, a - lert and heart - y, Each a gren - a - dier!

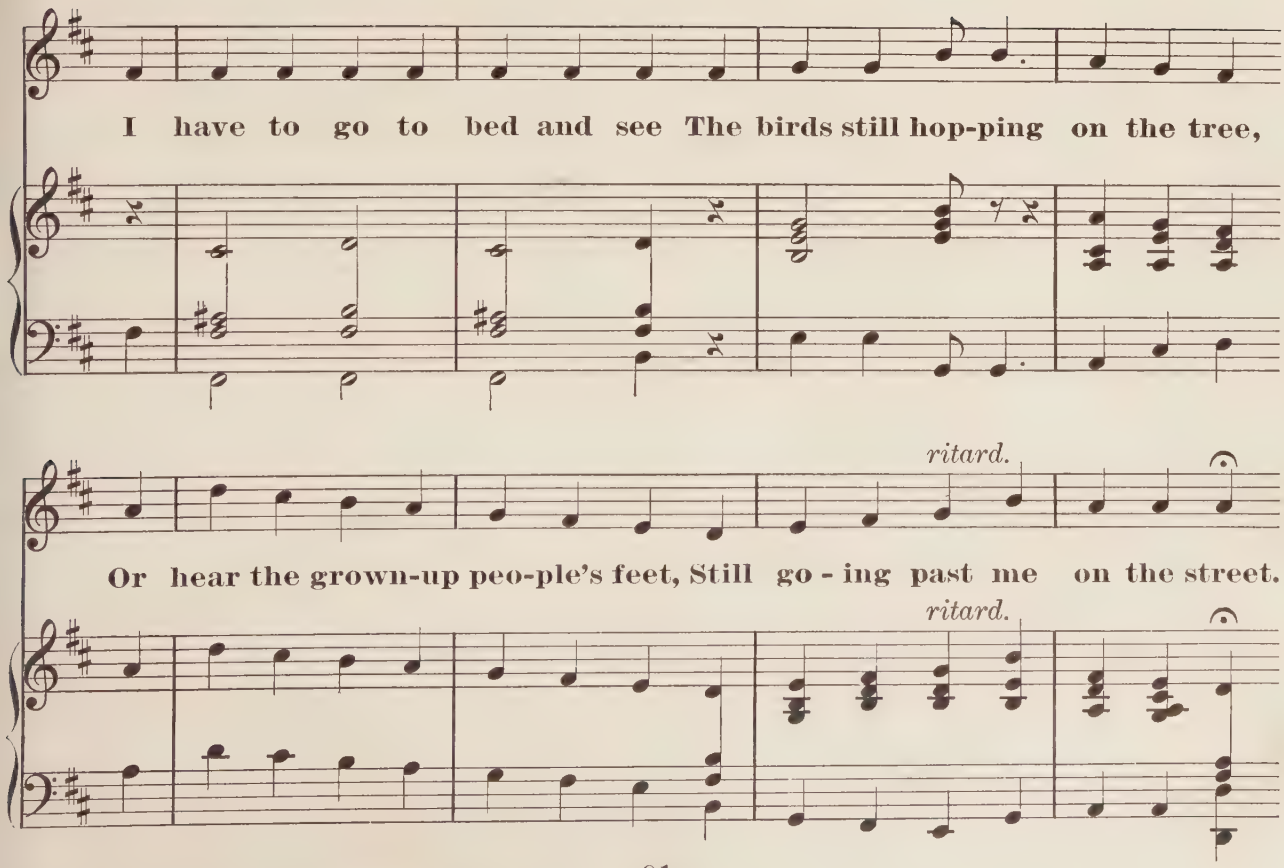

All in the most mar - tial man - ner March-ing doub - le quick;
While the nap - kin like a ban - ner Waves up - on the stick!

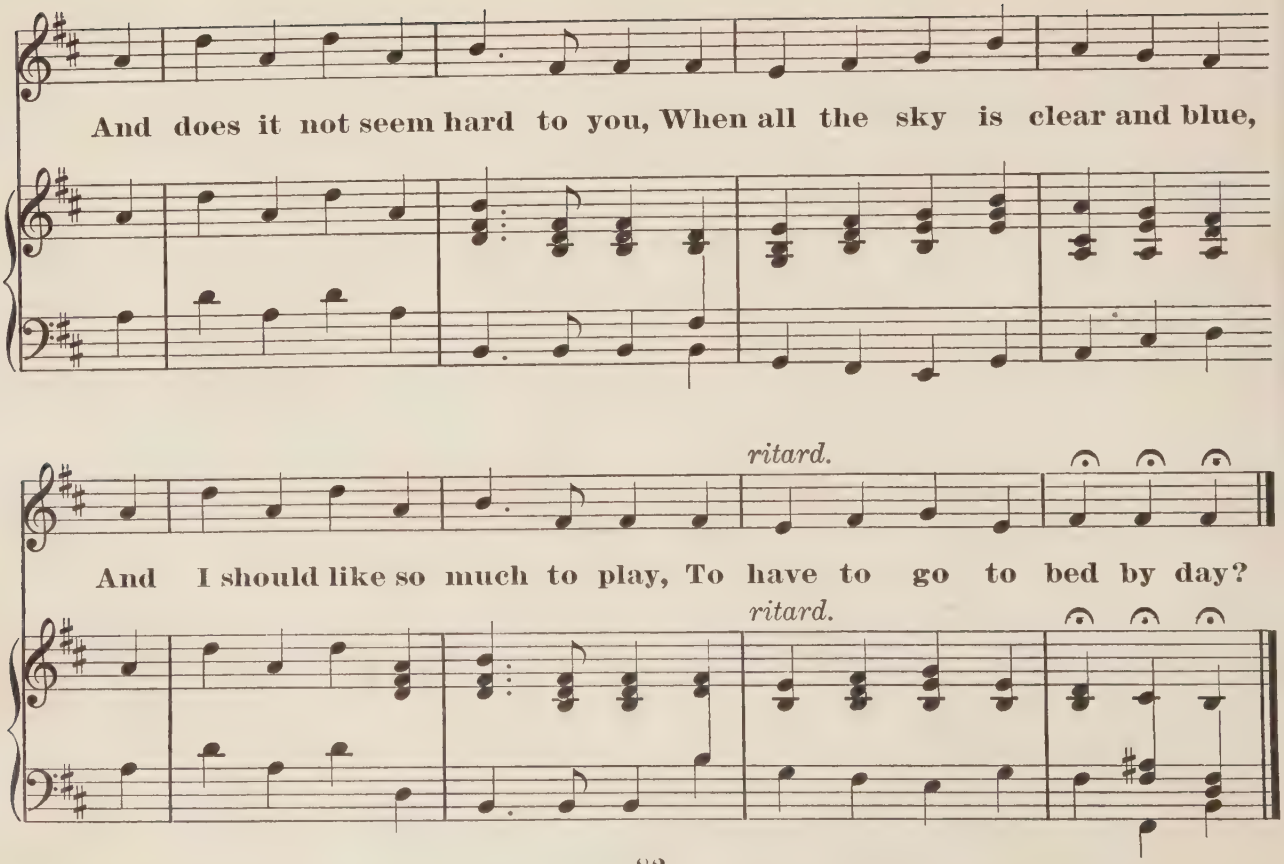

Here's e - nough of fame and pil - lage, Great com-man - der Jane!
ritard.
Now that we've been round the vil - lage, Let's go home a - gain.
ritard.

Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

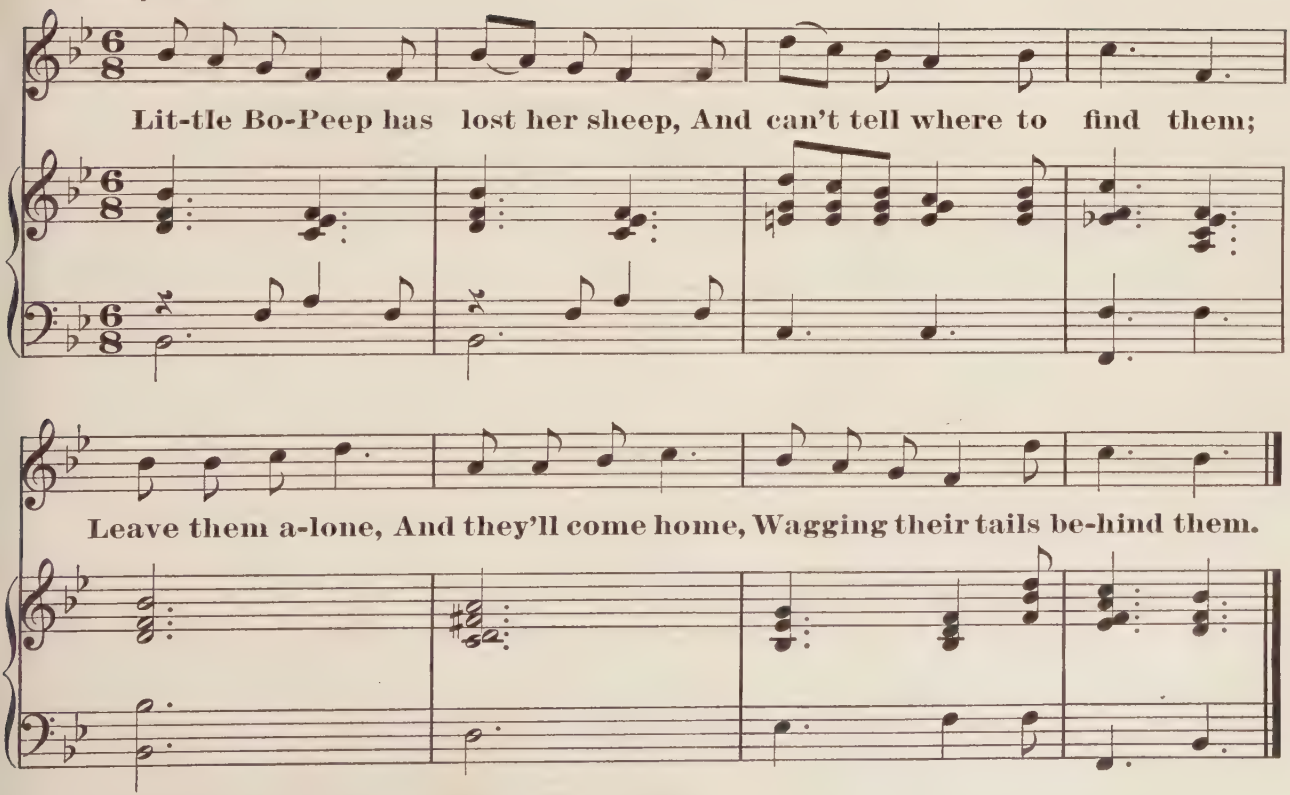

In win-ter I get up at night, And dress by yel-low can-dle light;
ritard.
In sum-mer quite the oth-er way, I have to go to bed by day.
ritard.


I have to go to bed and see The birds still hop-ping on the tree,
ritard.
Or hear the grown-up peo-ple's feet, Still go - ing past me on the street.
ritard.


And does it not seem hard to you, When all the sky is clear and blue,
ritard.
And I should like so much to play, To have to go to bed by day?
ritard.

Little Bo-Peep

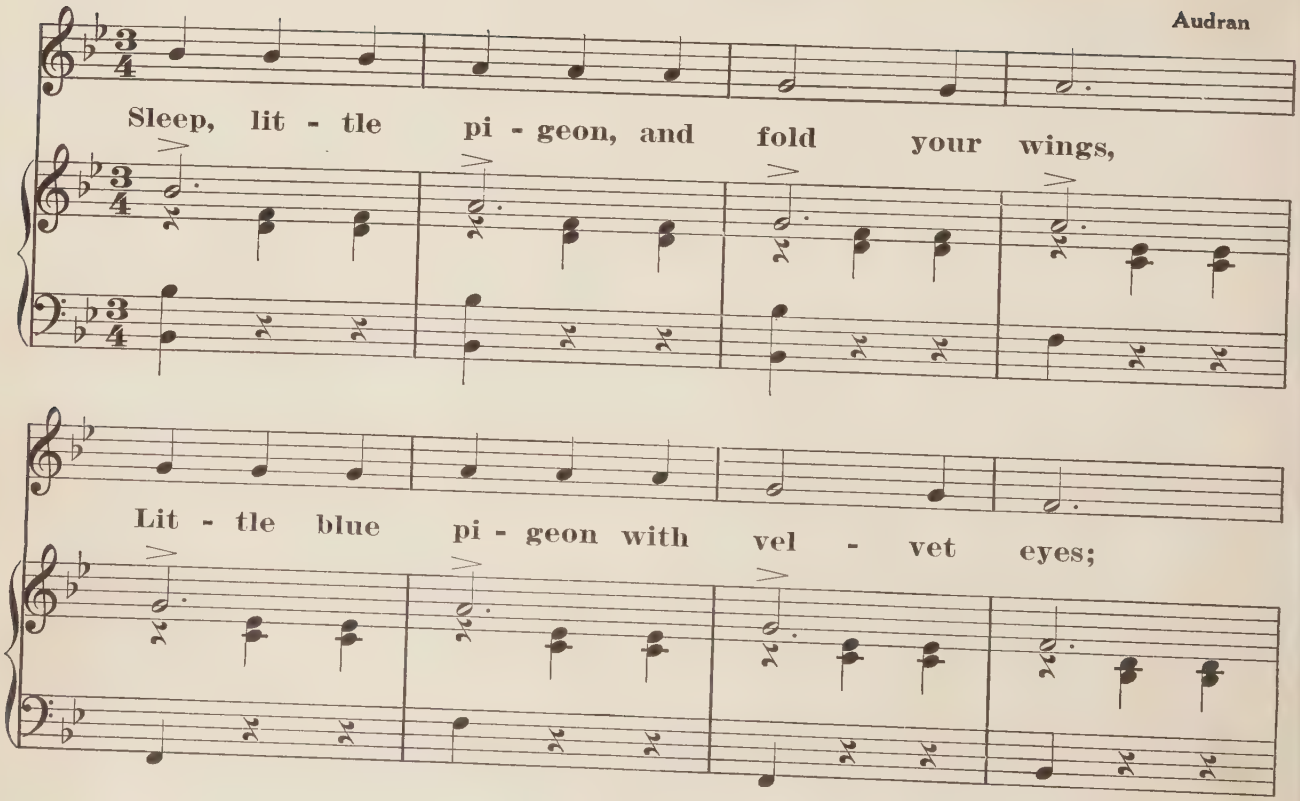
Nursery Rime

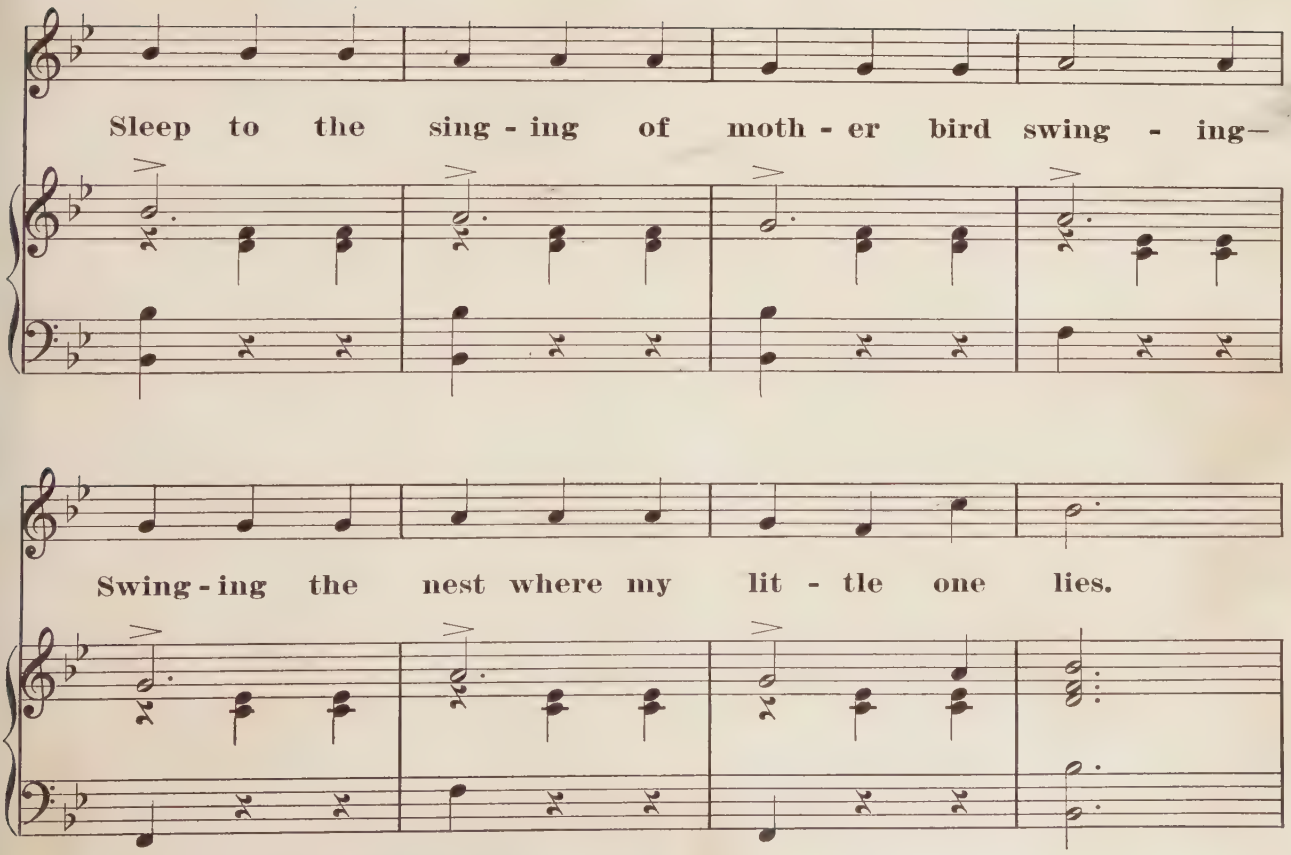

Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them a-lone, And they'll come home, Wagging their tails be-hind them.

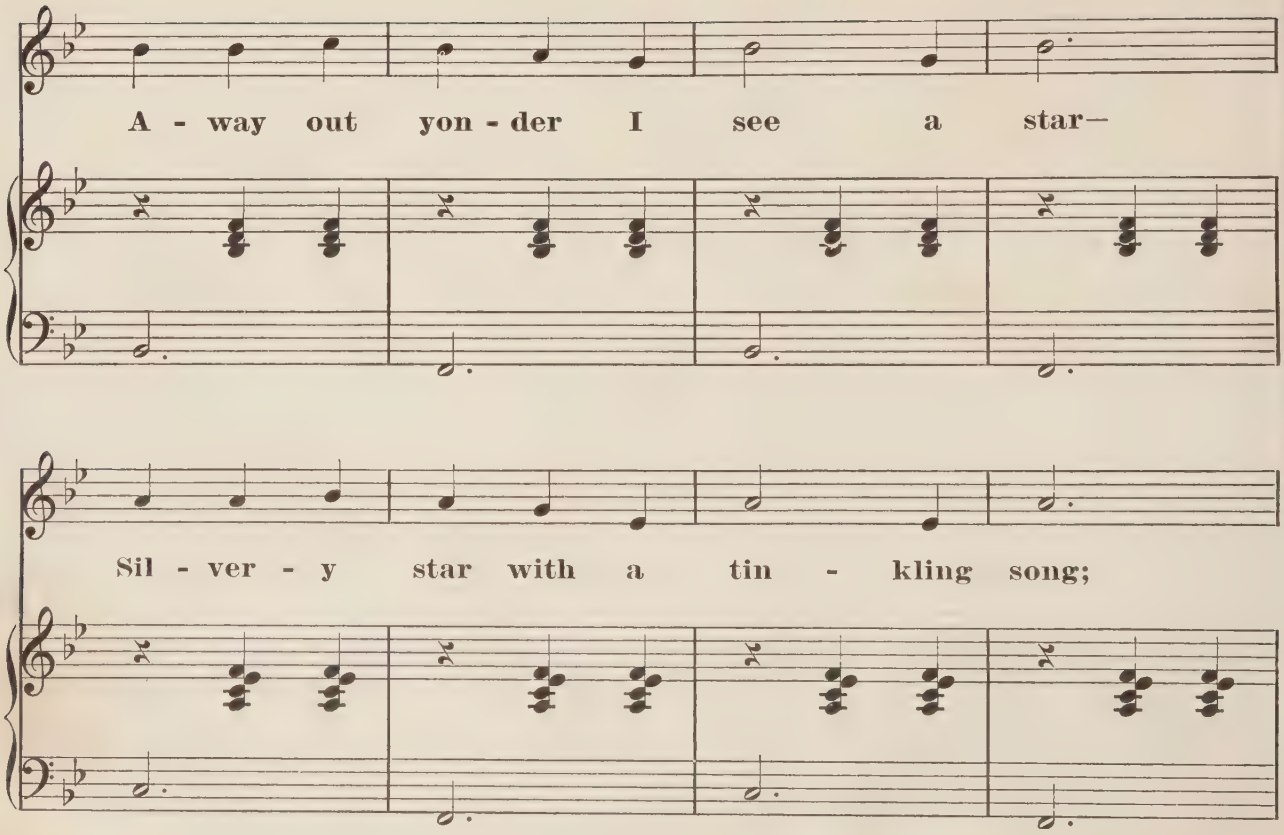
Little Blue Pigeon

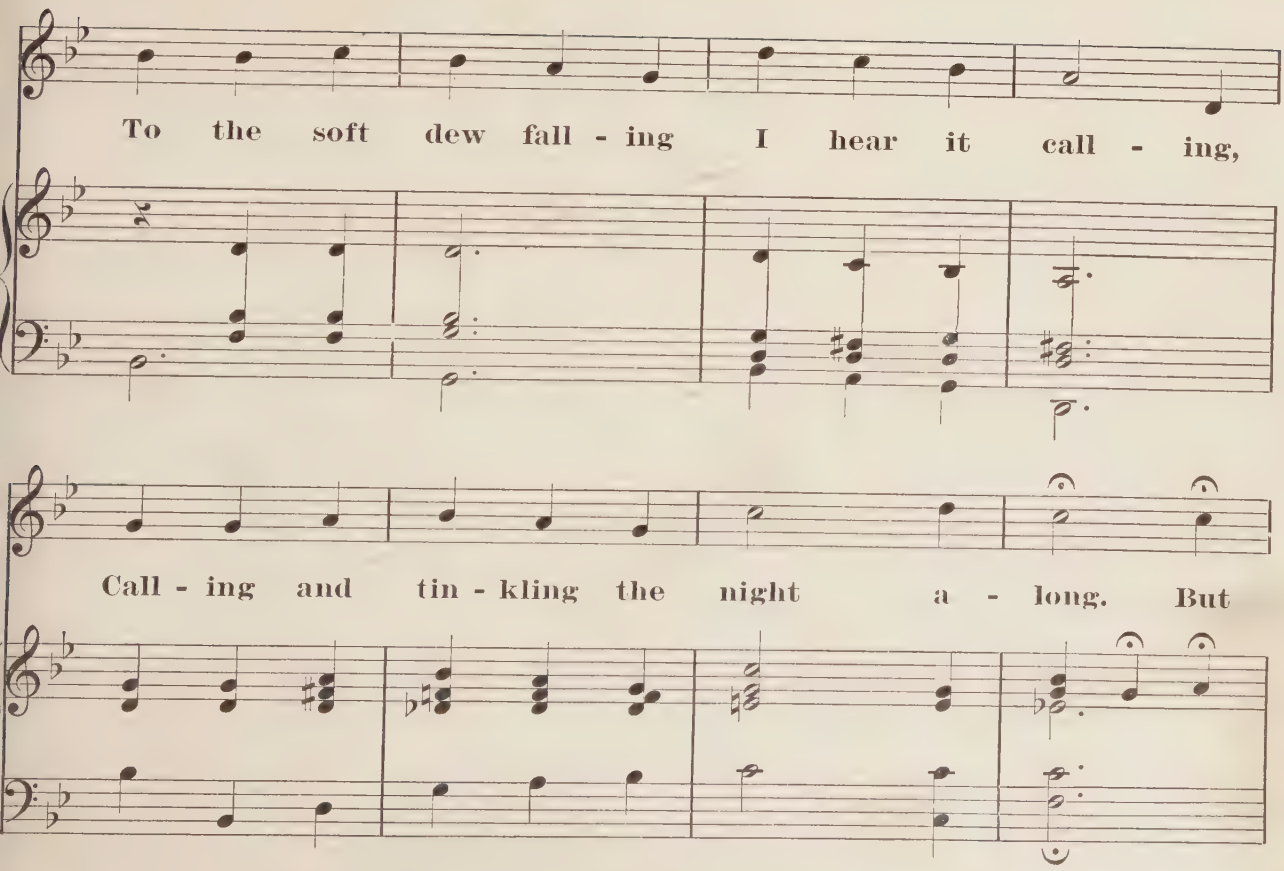
Eugene Field

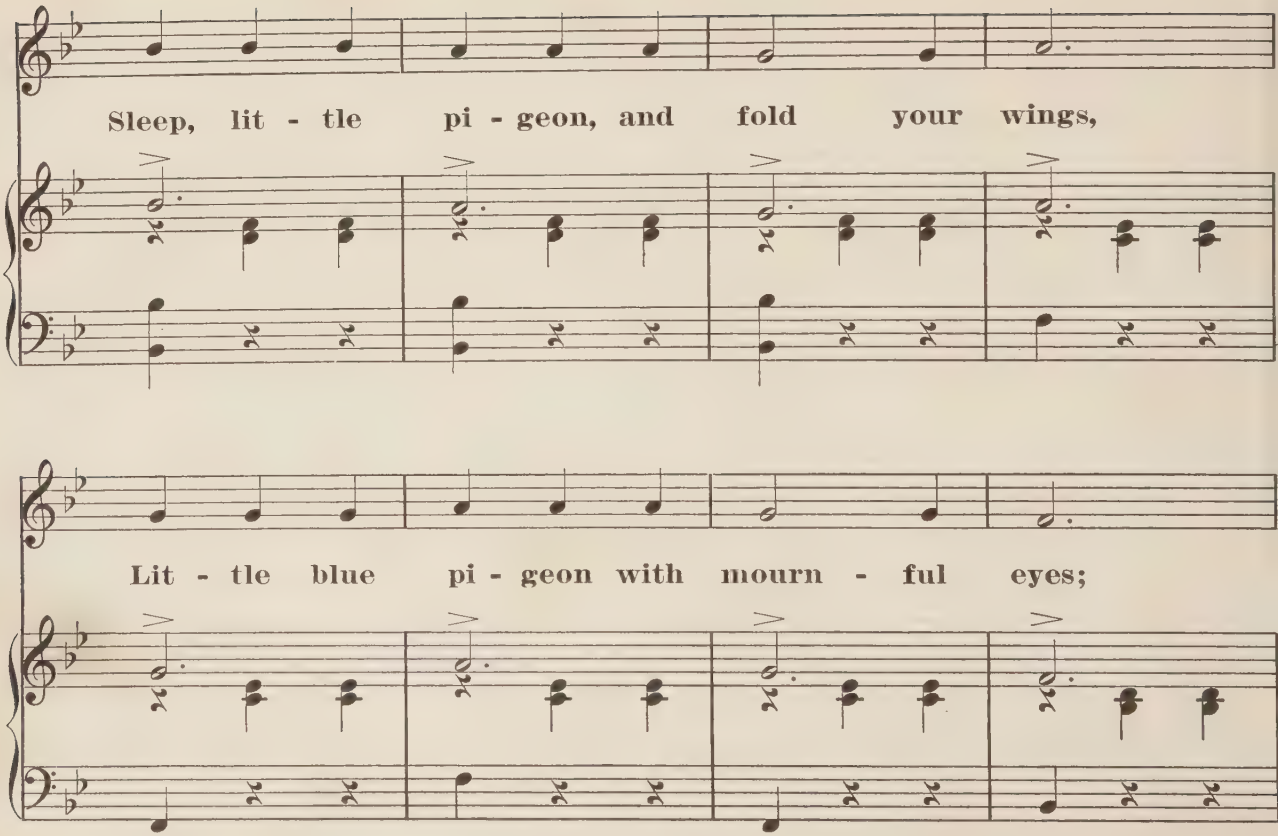
Audran

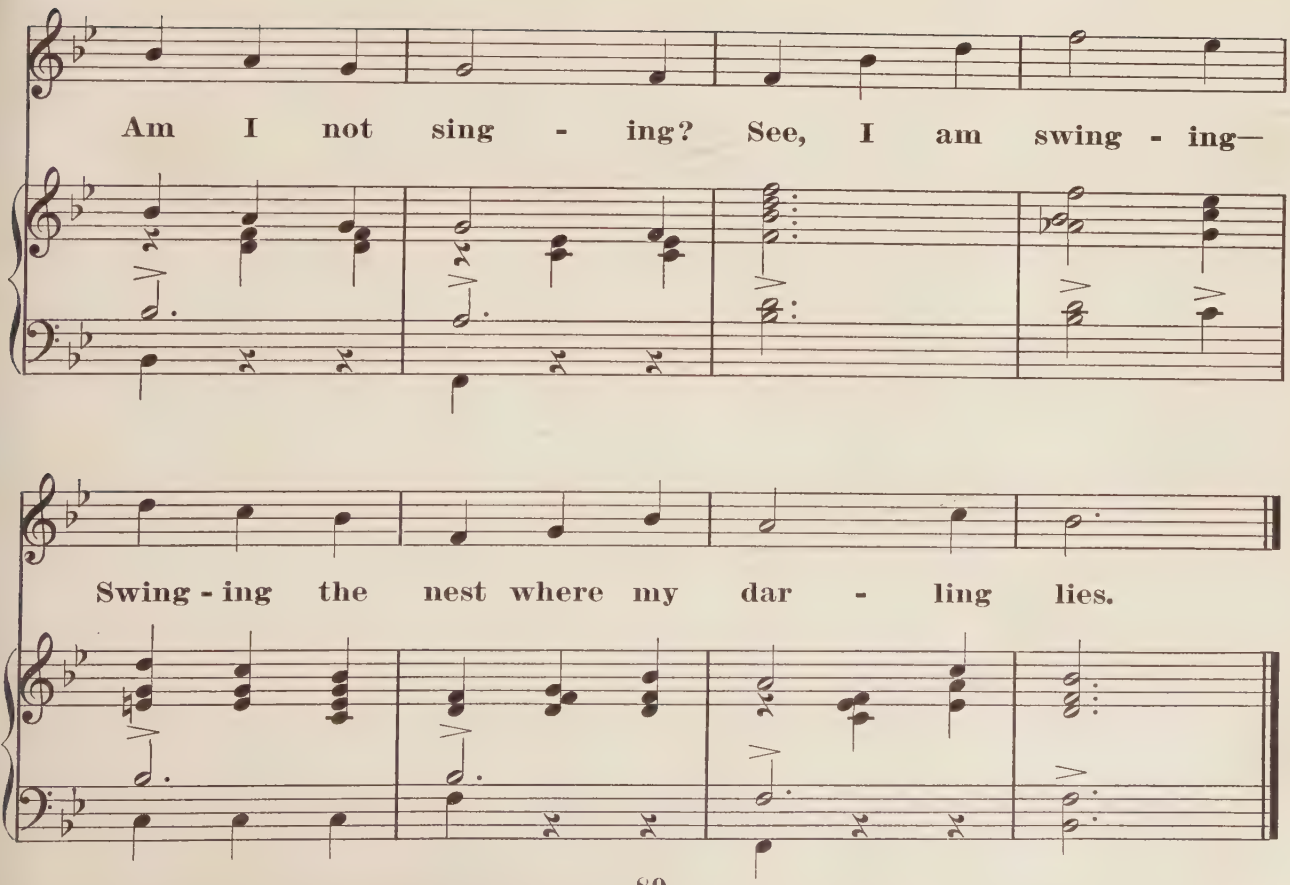



Sleep to the sing - ing of moth - er bird swing - ing—
Swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies.


A - way out yon - der I see a star—
Sil - ver - y star with a tin - kling song;

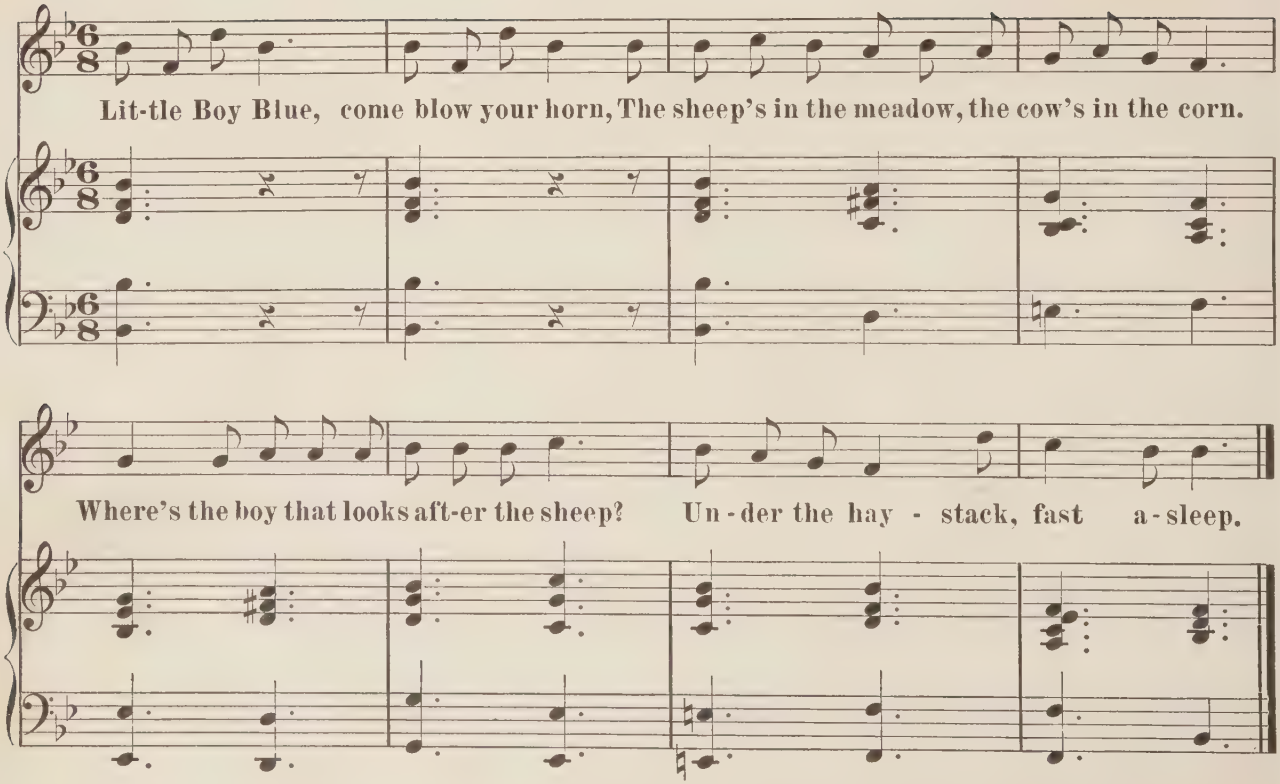

To the soft dew fall - ing I hear it call - ing,
Call - ing and tin - kling the night a - long. But


Sleep, lit - tle pi - geon, and fold your wings,
Lit - tle blue pi - geon with mourn - ful eyes;


Am I not sing - ing? See, I am swing - ing—
Swing - ing the nest where my dar - ling lies.

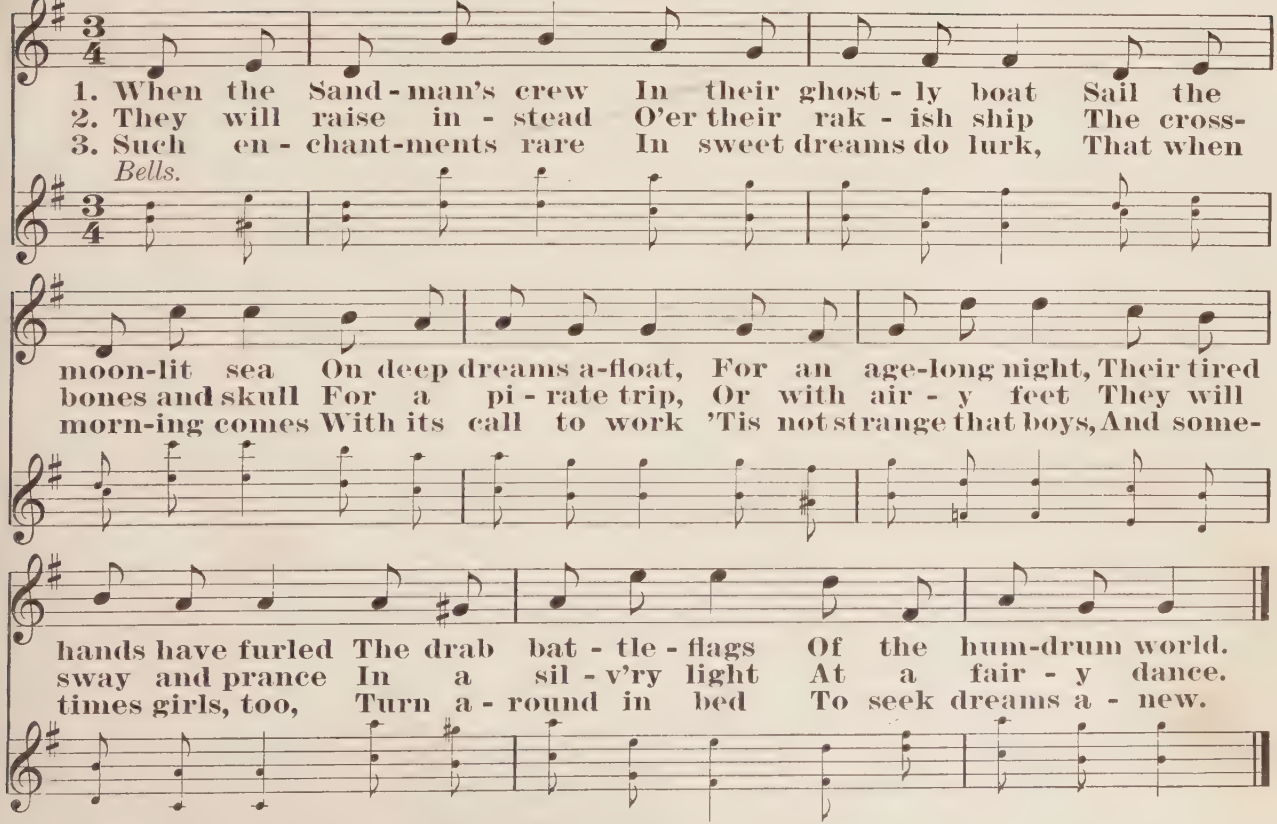
Little Boy Blue

Nursery Rime


Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks aft-er the sheep? Un-der the hay - stack, fast a-sleep.

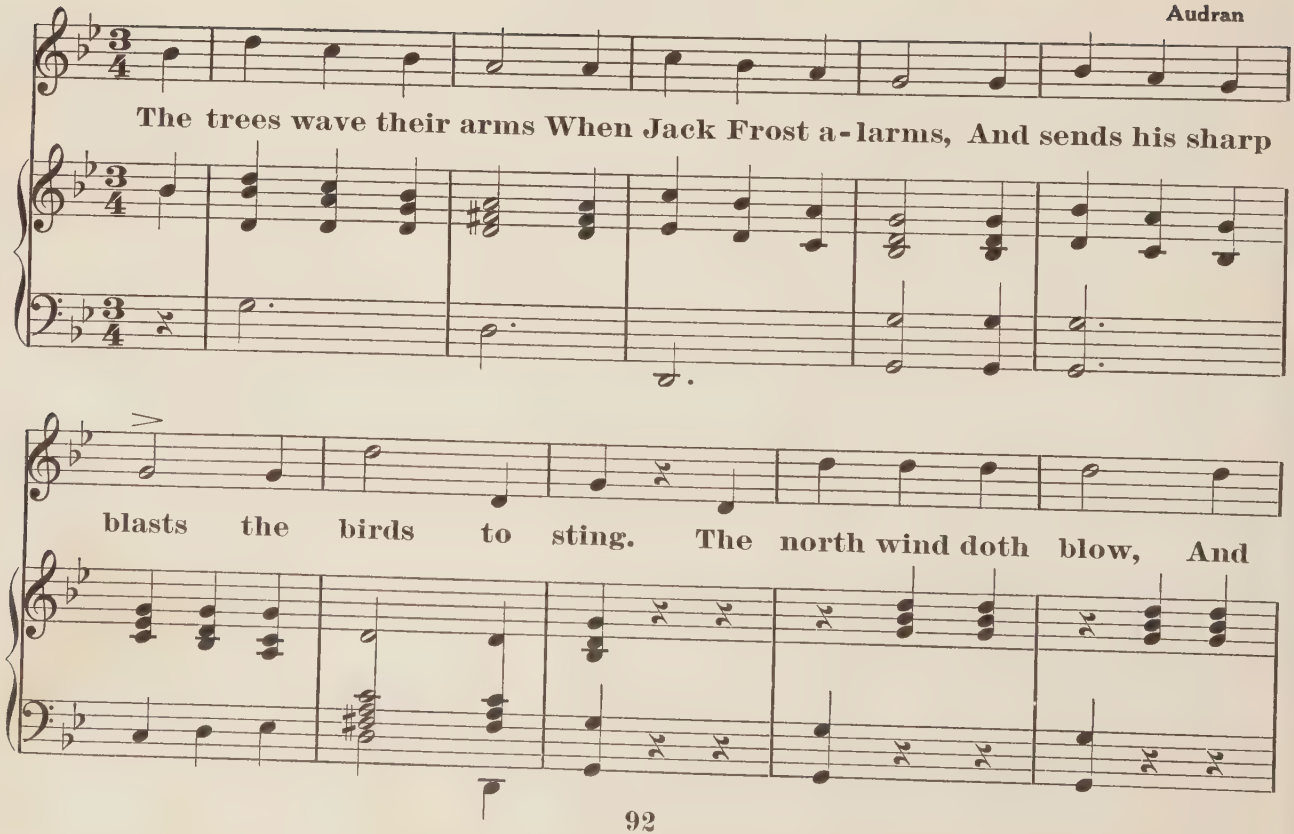
The Sandman's Boat

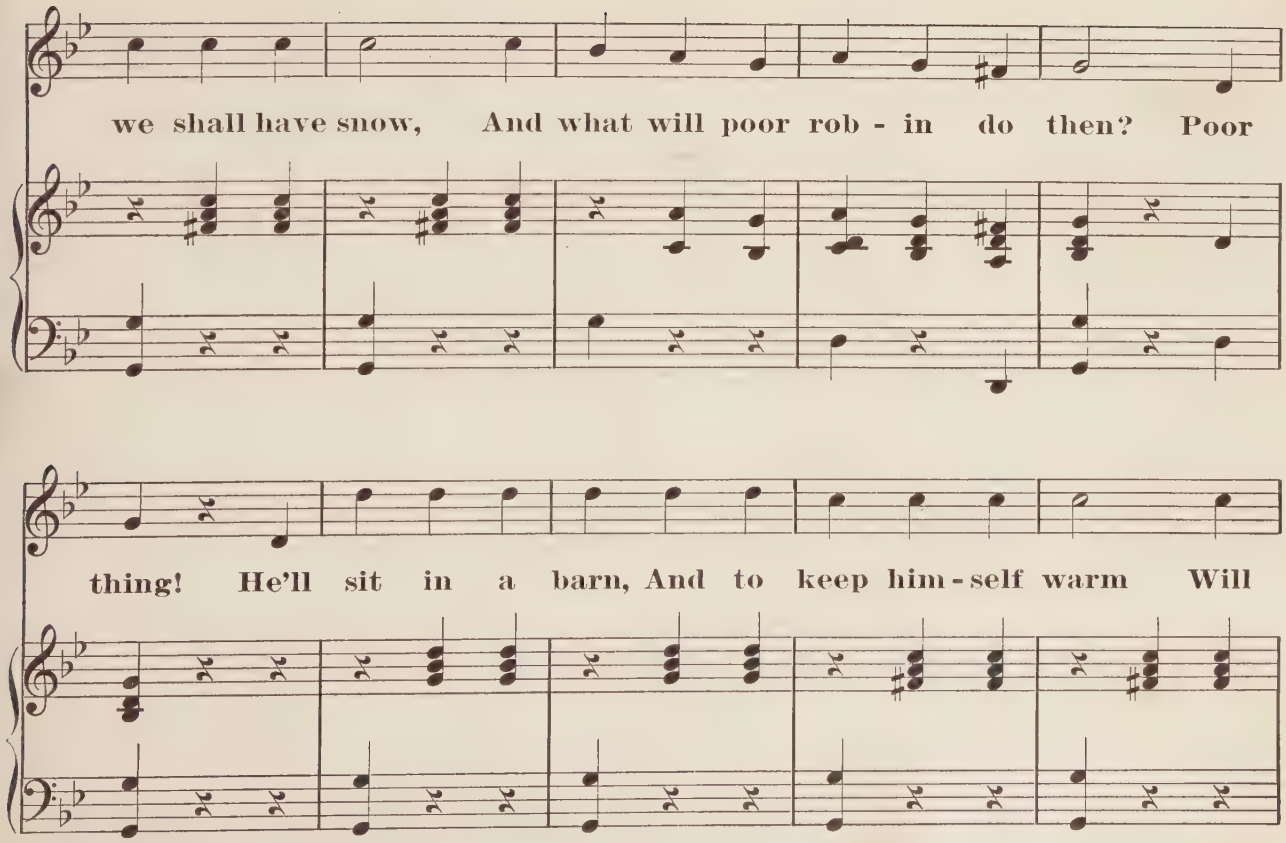
Anonymous

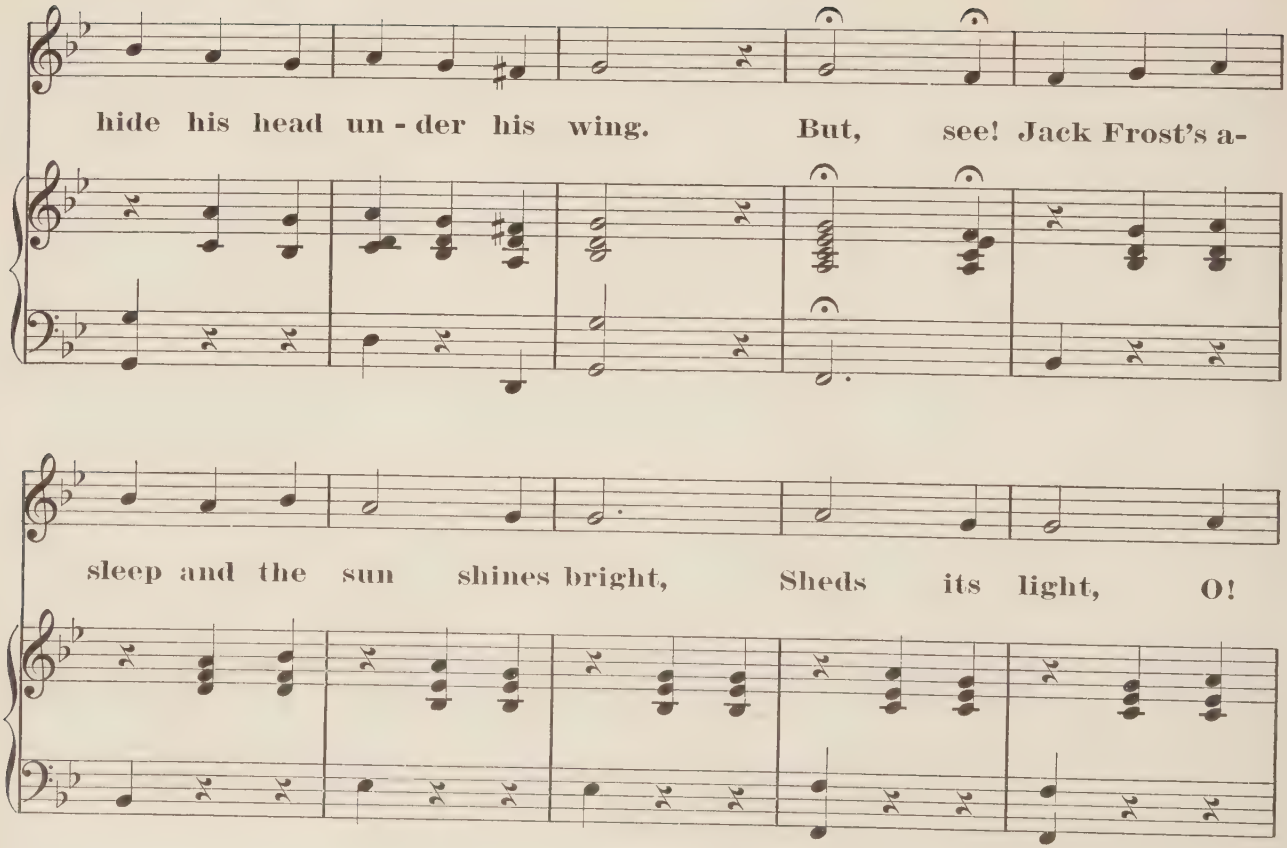
German Folk-Tune

1. When the Sand-man's crew In their ghost-ly boat Sail the
2. They will raise in-stead O'er their rak-ish ship The cross-
3. Such en-chant-ments rare In sweet dreams do lurk, That when
Bells.
moon-lit sea On deep dreams a-float, For an age-long night, Their tired
bones and skull For a pi-rate trip, Or with air-y feet They will
morn-ing comes With its call to work 'Tis not strange that boys, And some-
hands have furled The drab bat-tle-flags Of the hum-drum world.
sway and prance In a sil-v'ry light At a fair-y dance.
times girls, too, Turn a-round in bed To seek dreams a-new.

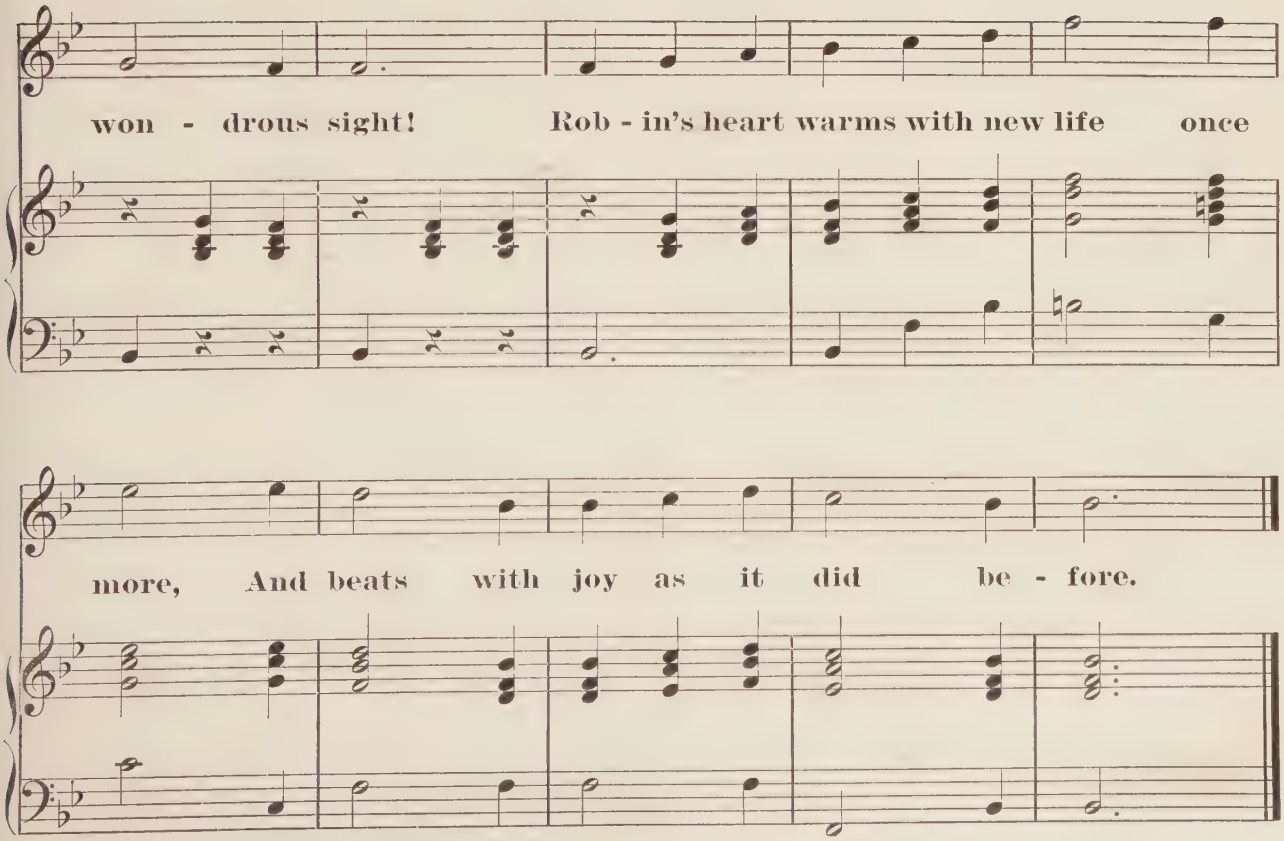
Poor Robin

Audran


The trees wave their arms When Jack Frost a-larms, And sends his sharp
blasts the birds to sting. The north wind doth blow, And


we shall have snow, And what will poor rob - in do then? Poor
thing! He'll sit in a barn, And to keep him - self warm Will

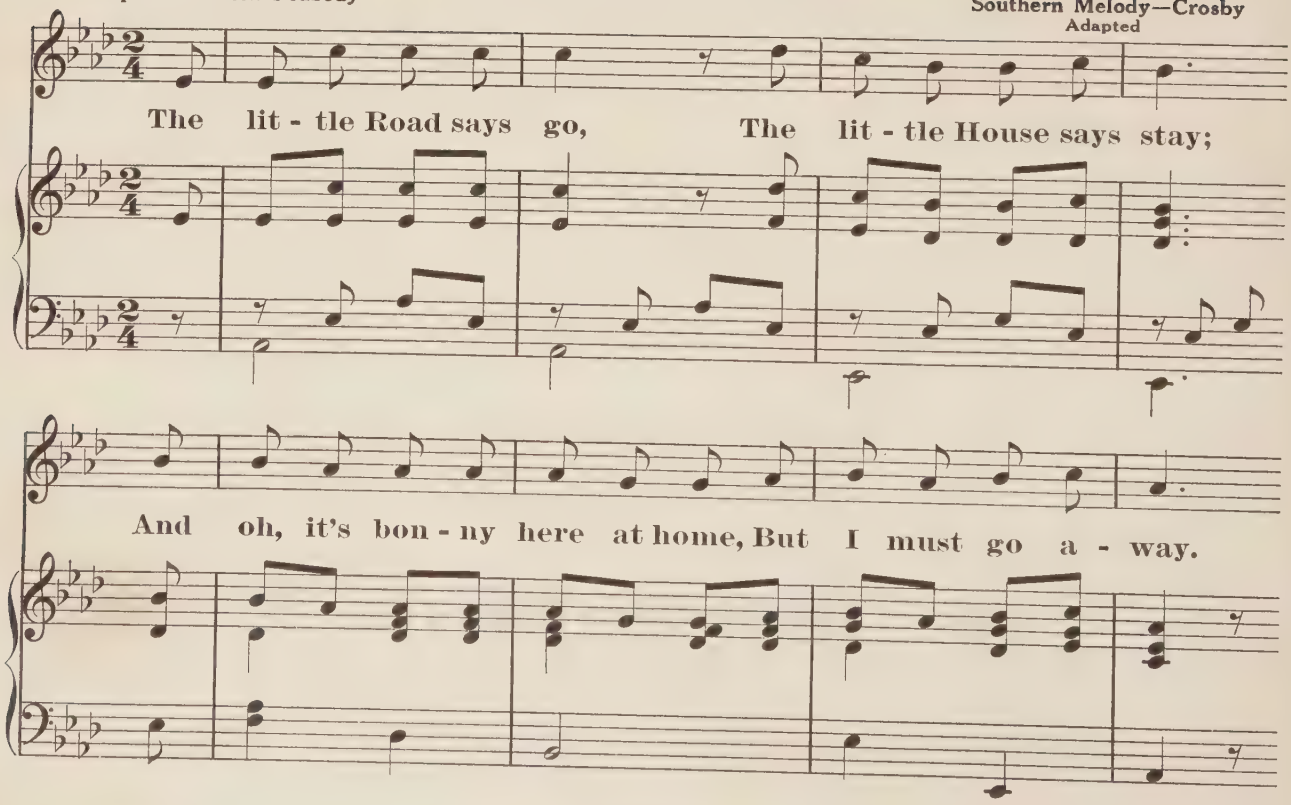

hide his head un - der his wing. But, see! Jack Frost's a-
sleep and the sun shines bright, Sheds its light, O!

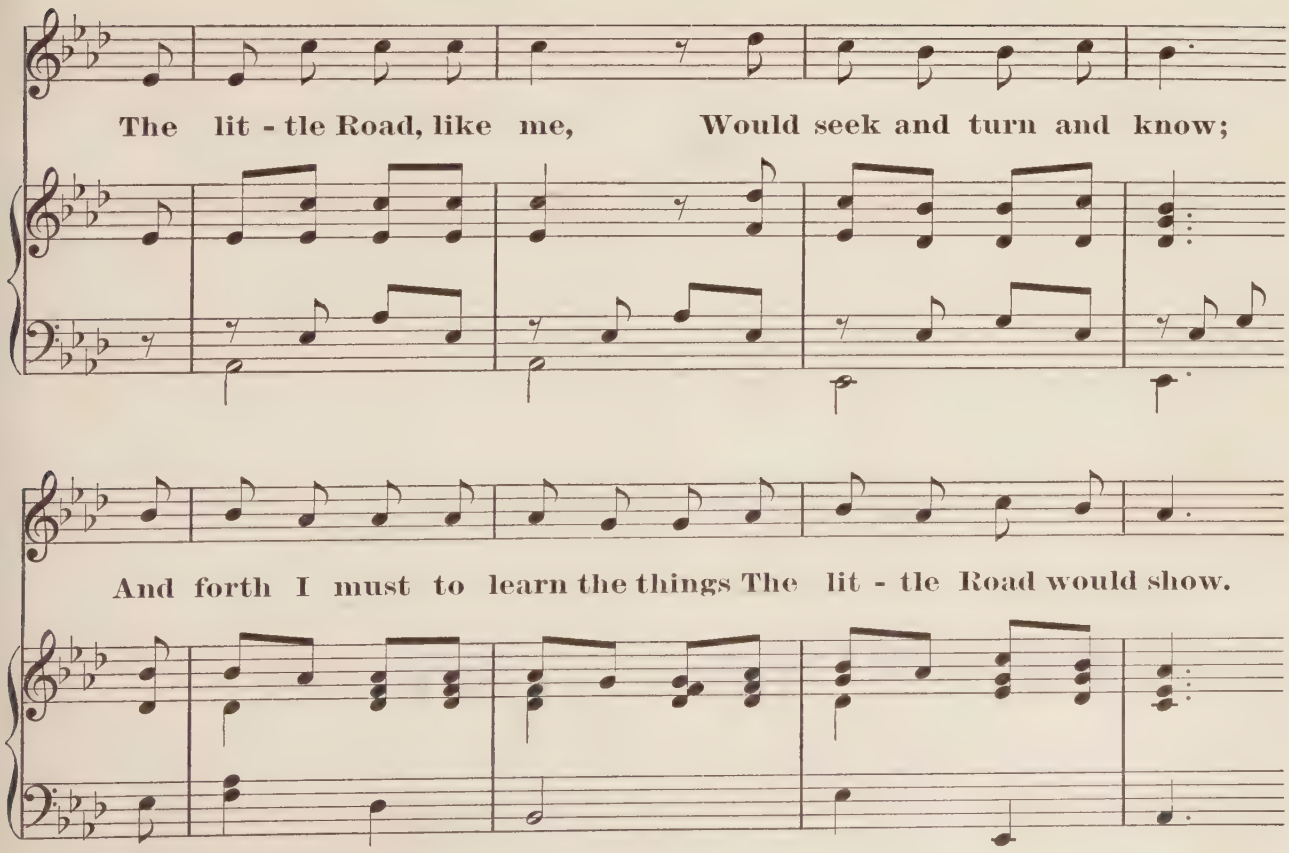

won - drous sight! Rob - in's heart warms with new life once
more, And beats with joy as it did be - fore.

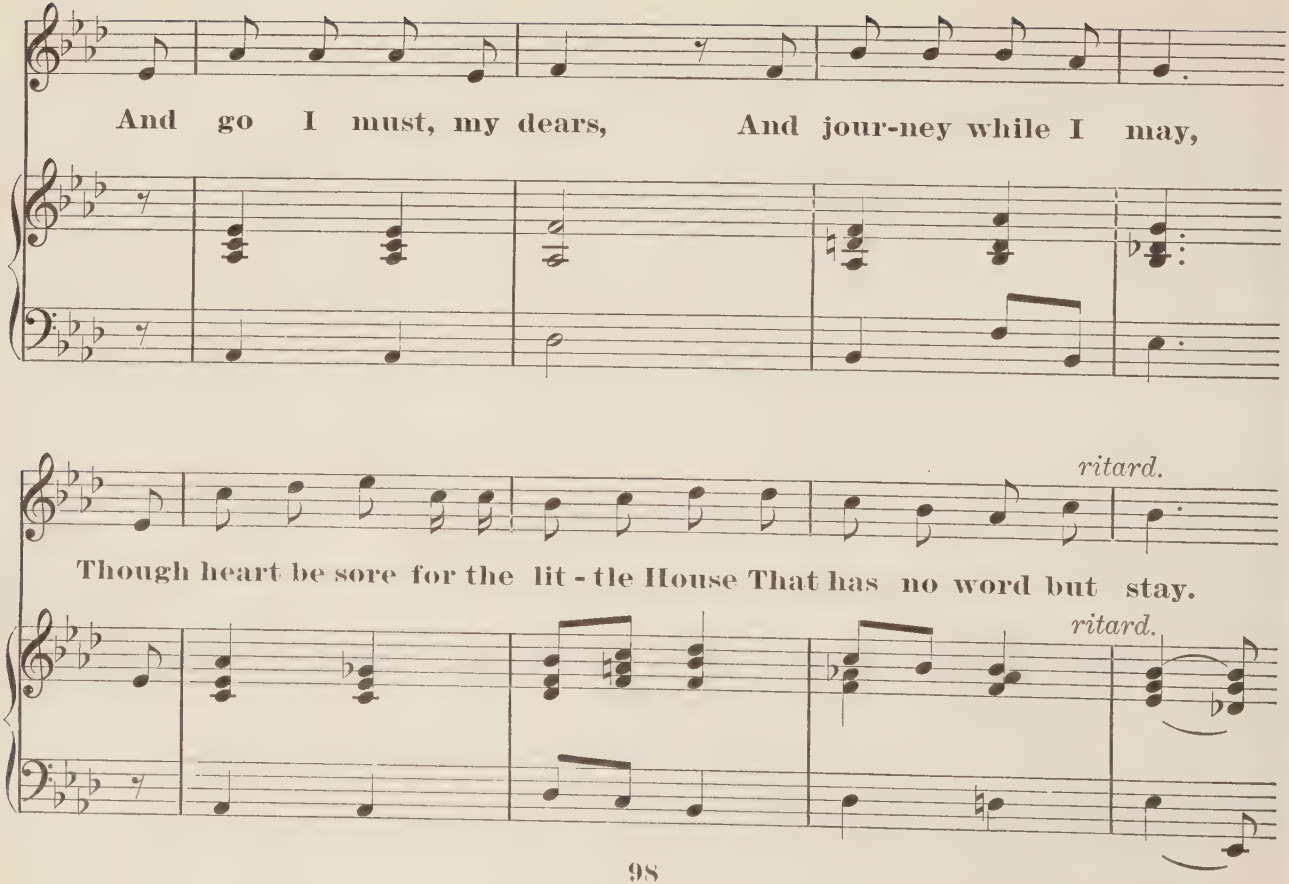
The Way of Life

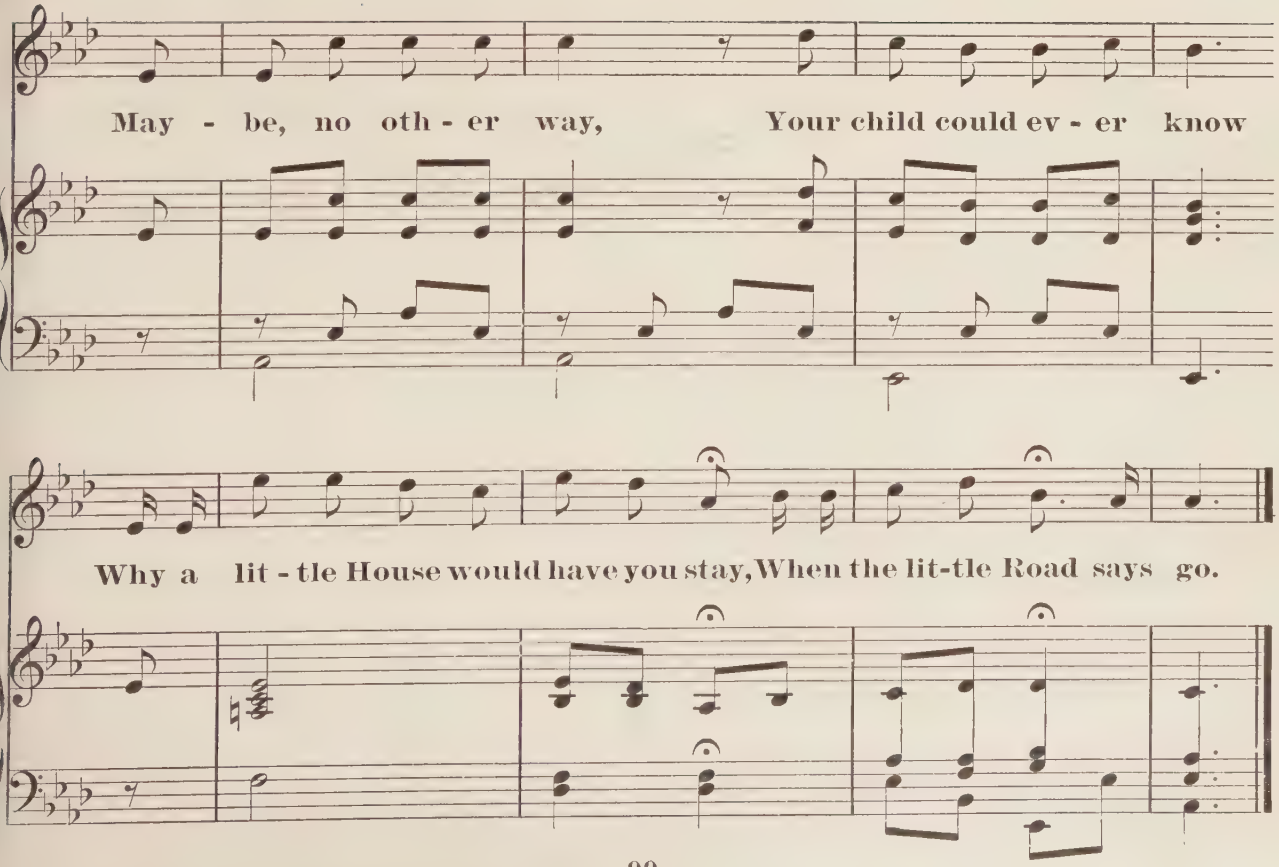
Josephine Preston Peabody

Southern Melody—Crosby
Adapted




The lit - tle Road, like me, Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must to learn the things The lit - tle Road would show.

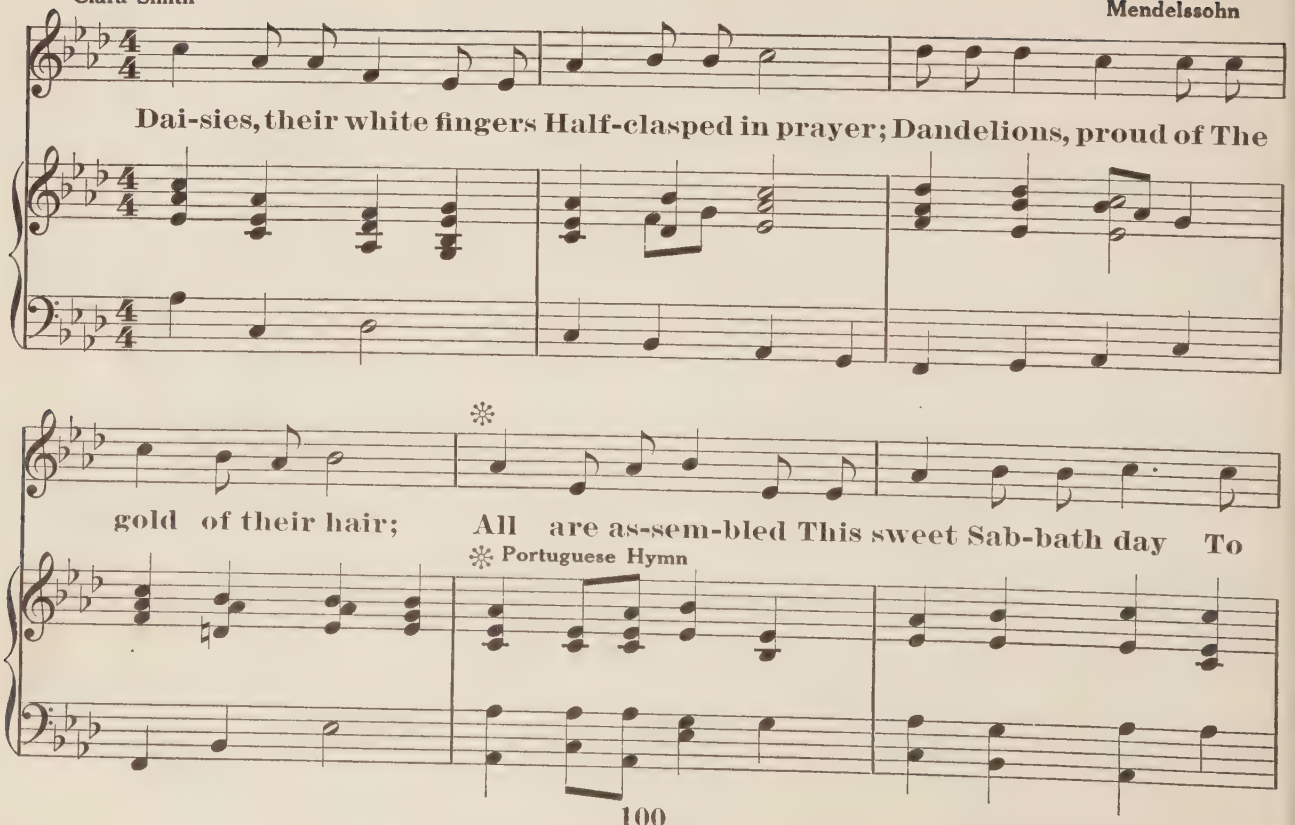

And go I must, my dears, And jour-ney while I may,
ritard.
Though heart be sore for the lit - tle House That has no word but stay.
ritard.

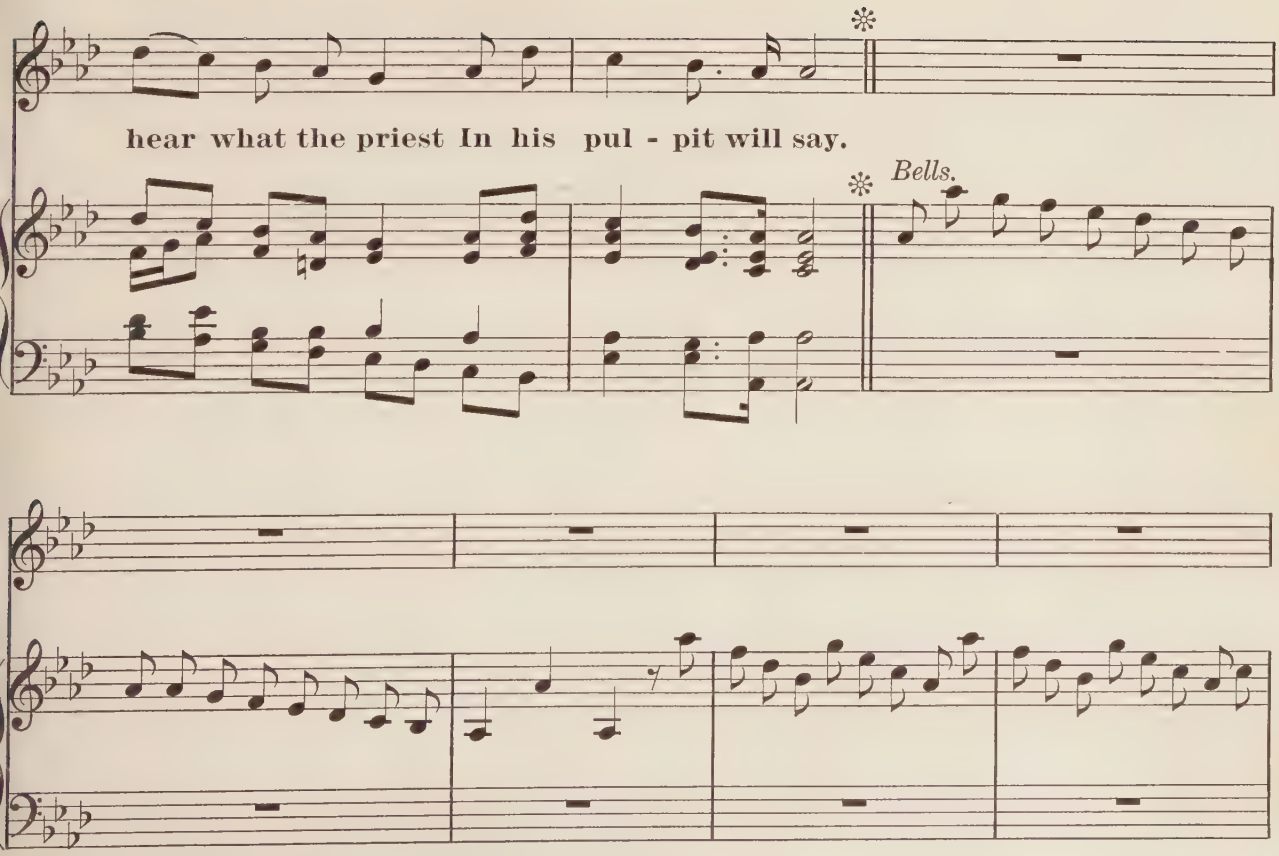

May - be, no oth - er way, Your child could ev - er know
Why a lit - tle House would have you stay, When the lit-tle Road says go.

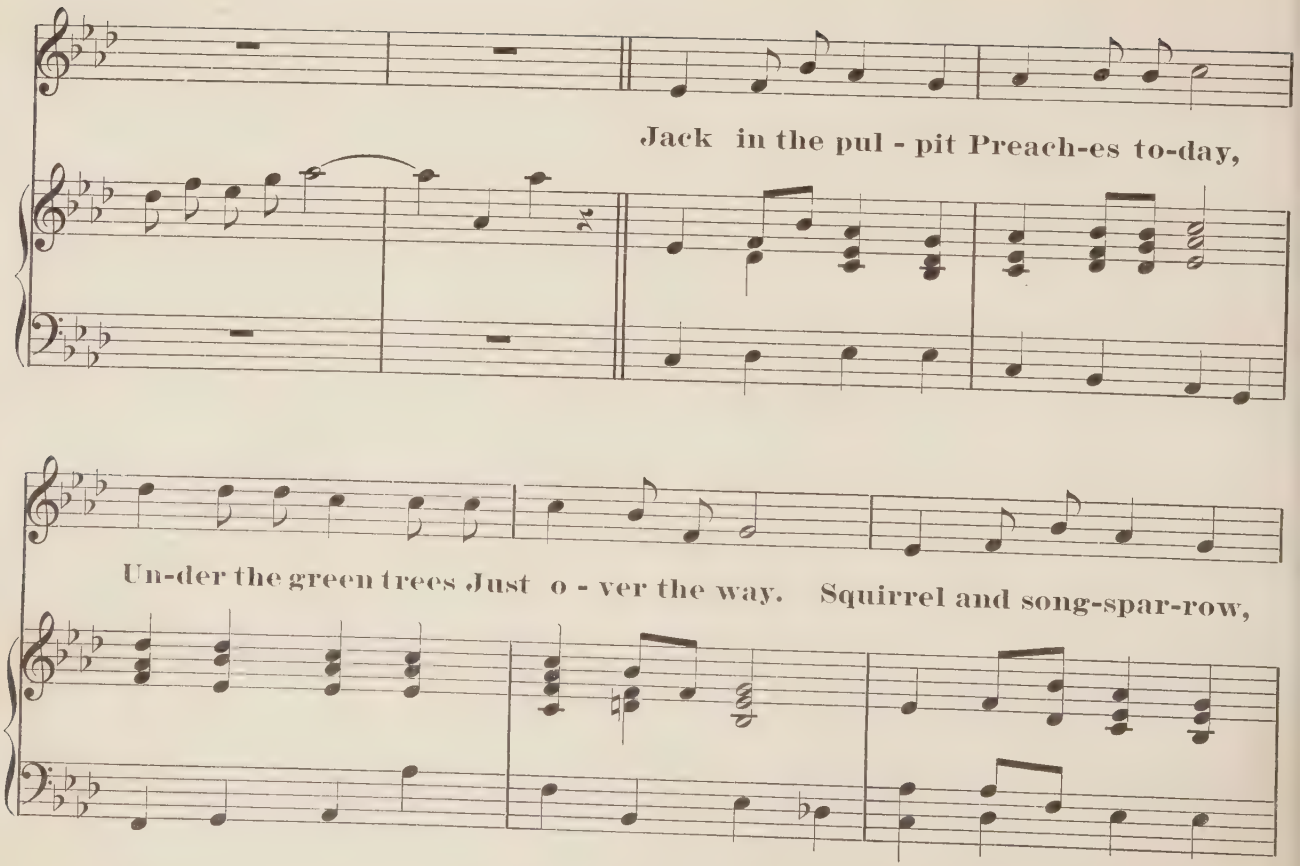
Jack in the Pulpit

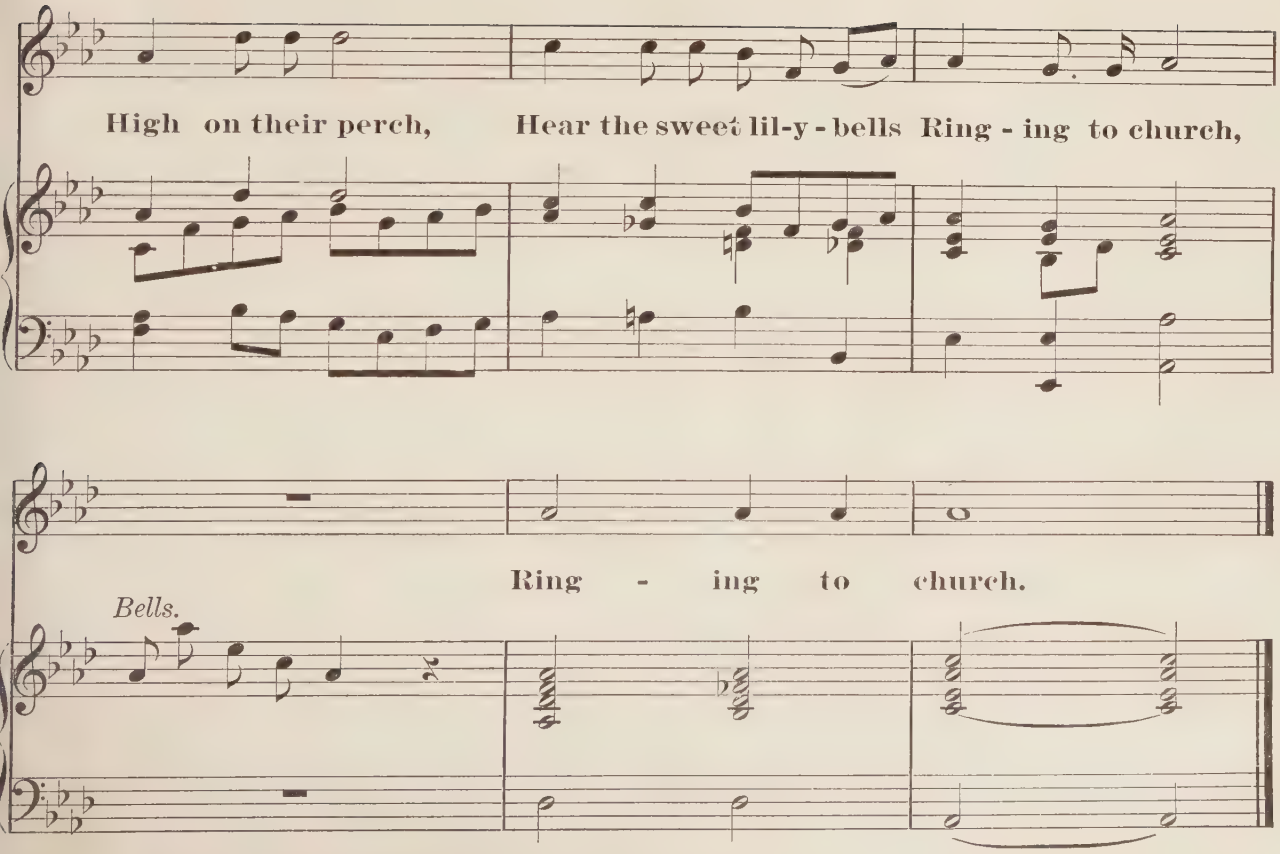
Clara Smith

Mendelssohn


Dai-sies, their white fingers Half-clasped in prayer; Dandelions, proud of The
gold of their hair; All are as-sem-bled This sweet Sab-bath day To
* Portuguese Hymn

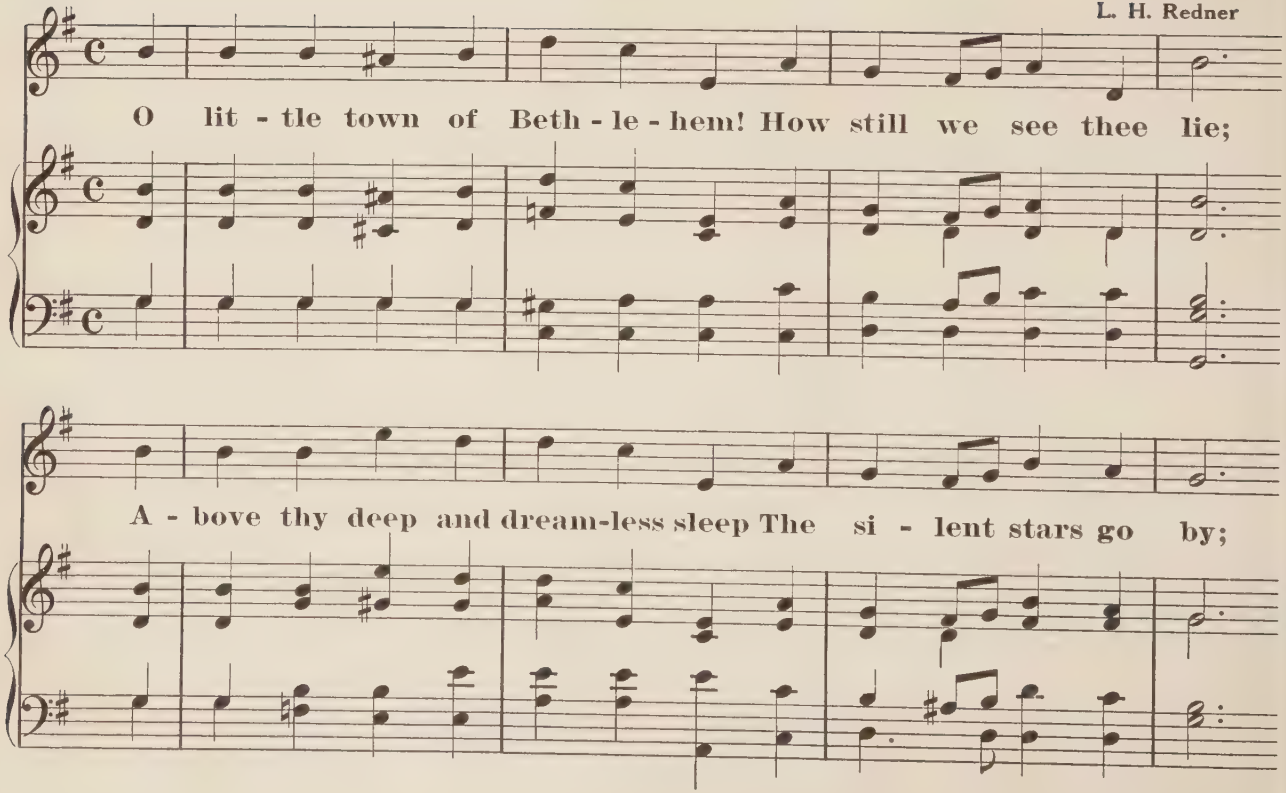

hear what the priest In his pul - pit will say.
Bells.

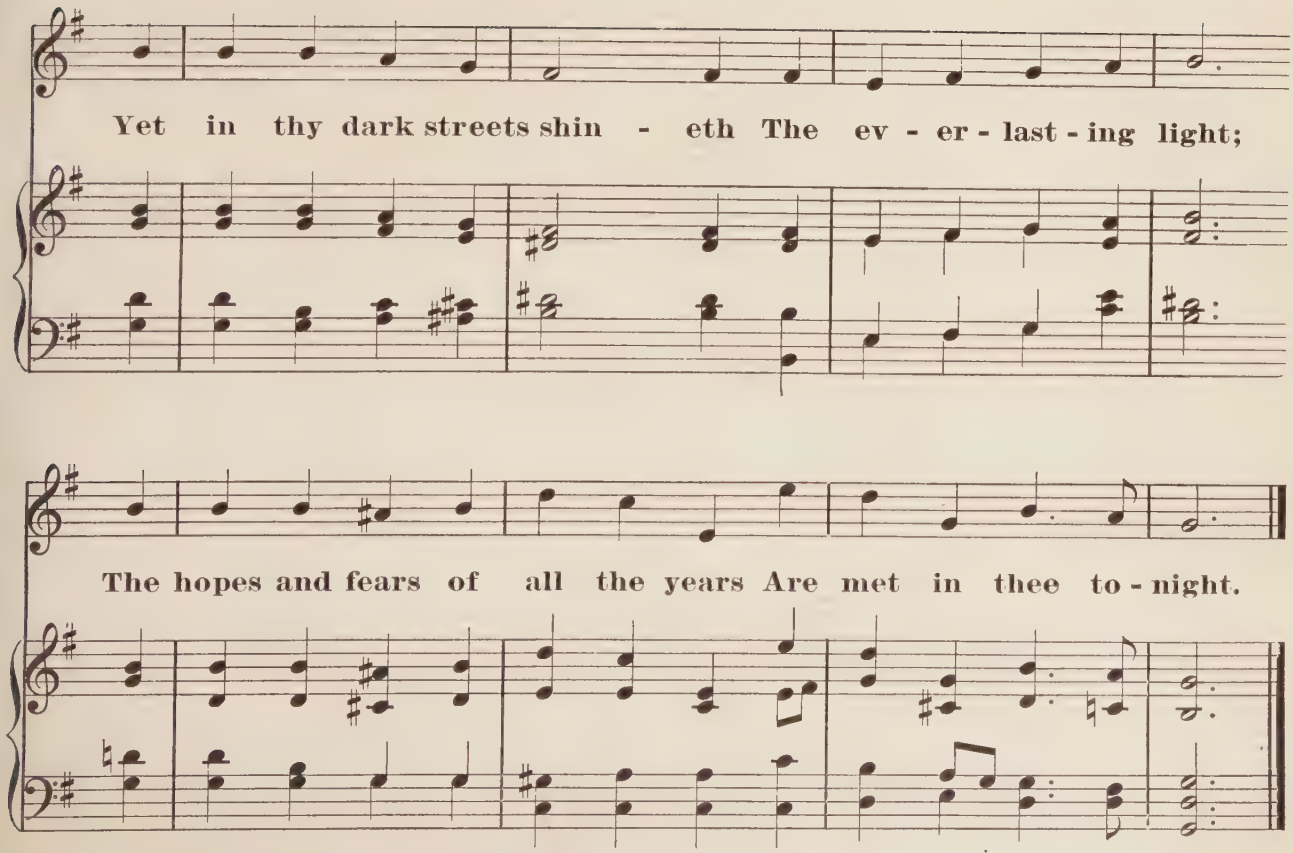

Jack in the pul - pit Preach-es to-day,
Un-der the green trees Just o - ver the way. Squirrel and song-spar-row,


High on their perch, Hear the sweet lil-y - bells Ring - ing to church,
Ring - ing to church.
Bells.

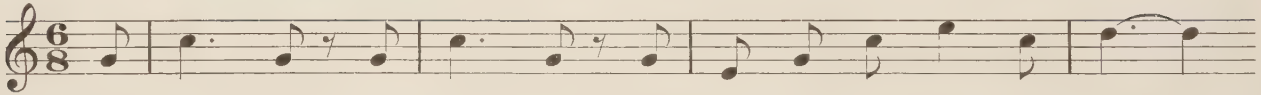
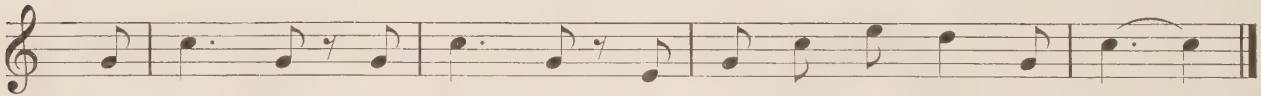
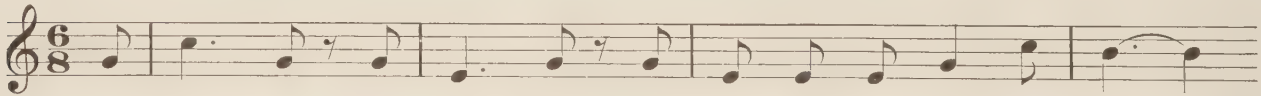
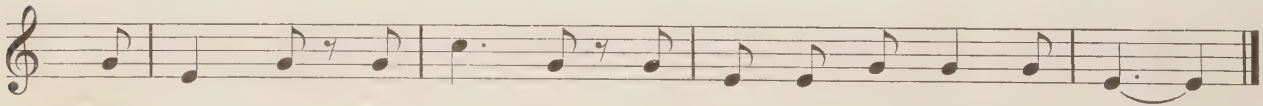
Christmas

St. Louis
L. H. Redner



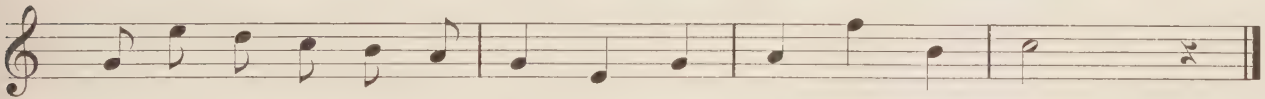

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

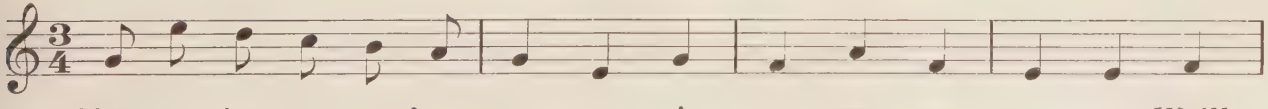
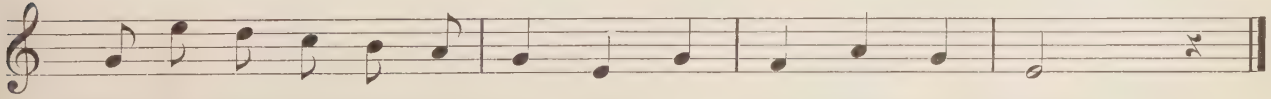
The Bugle

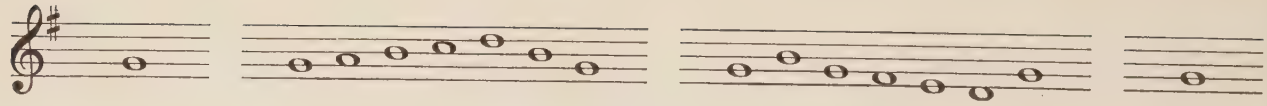
I *First Voice*

II *Second Voice*



Ring-a-round-a-rosy

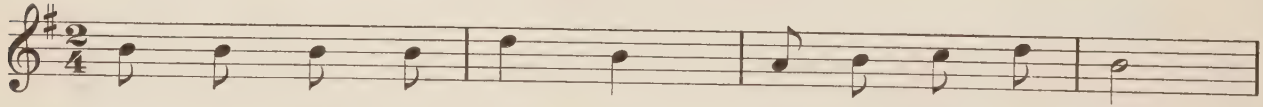
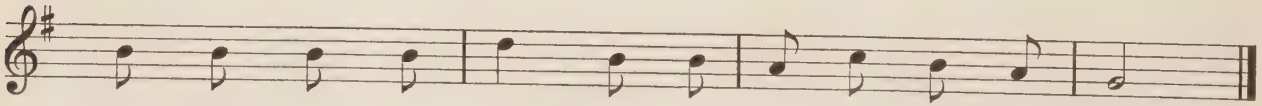
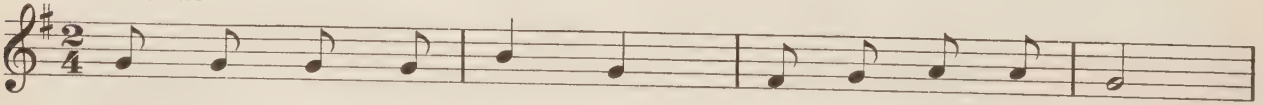
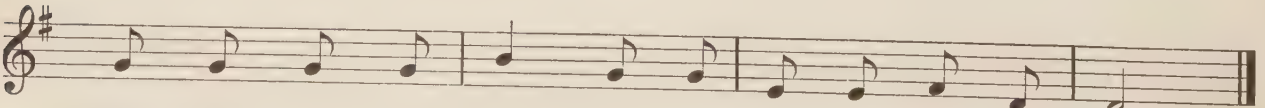
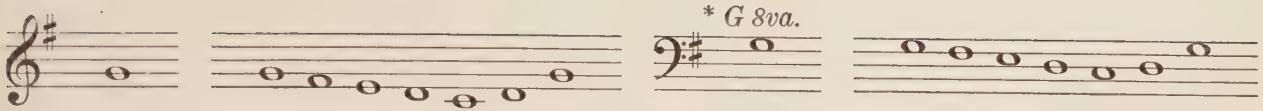
I *First Voice*

Bavarian Air

II *Second Voice*



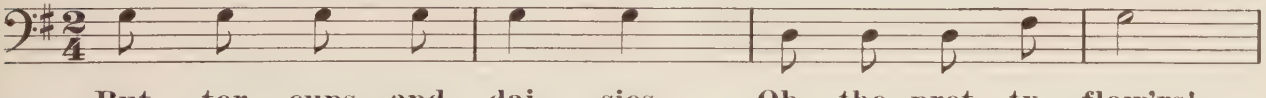
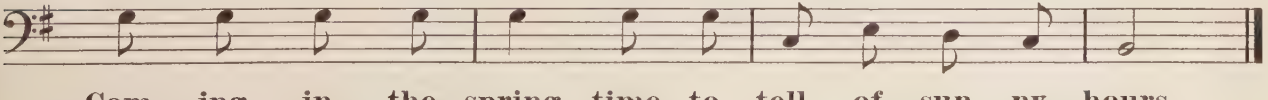


Spring Flowers

I *First Voice*

II *Second Voice*



Spring Flowers

I *Alternate Second*

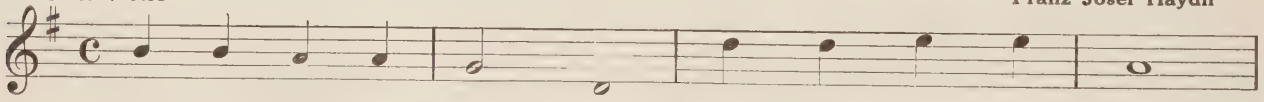
II **Alternate Second (Bass Staff)*



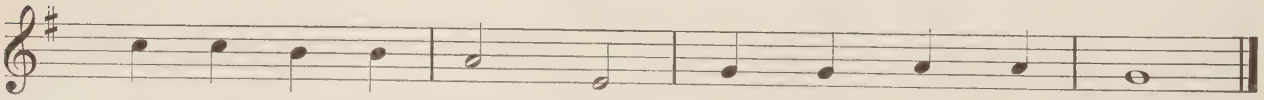
*Sing an octave higher.

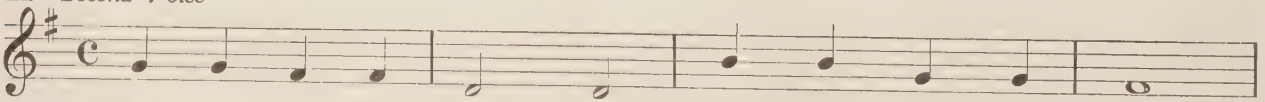
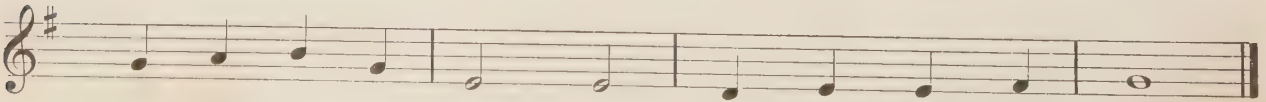
Hymn

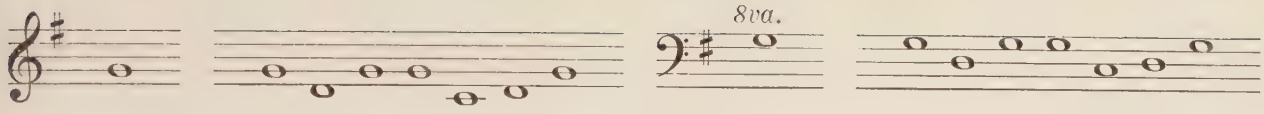
I *First Voice*

Franz Josef Haydn

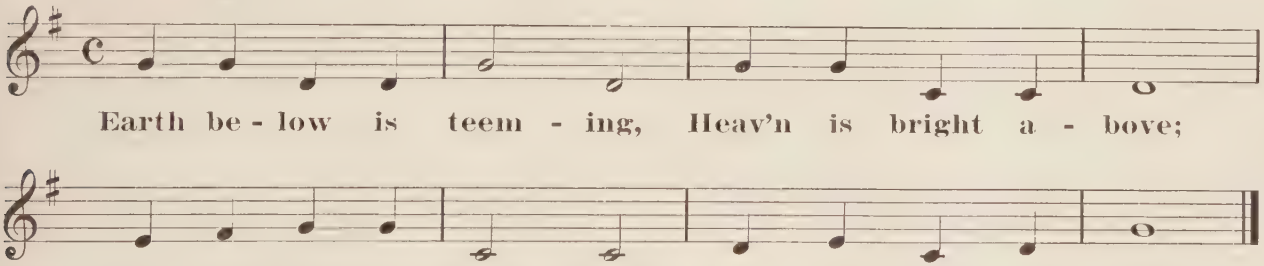


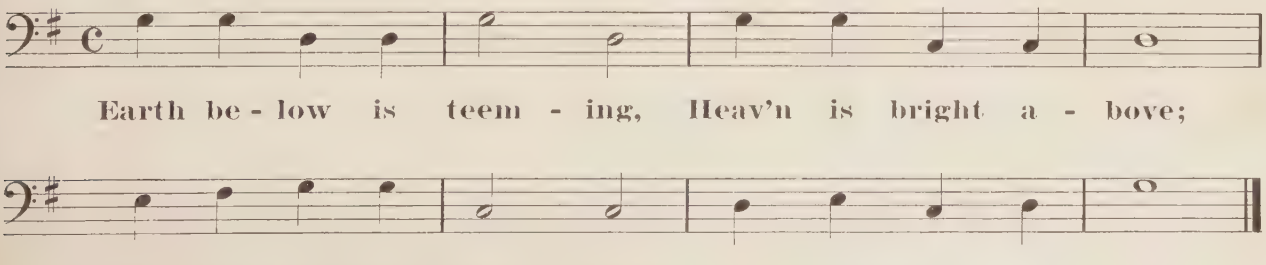


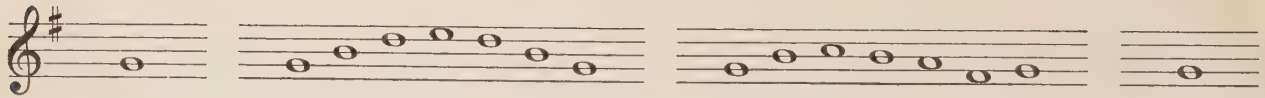
II *Second Voice*





Hymn

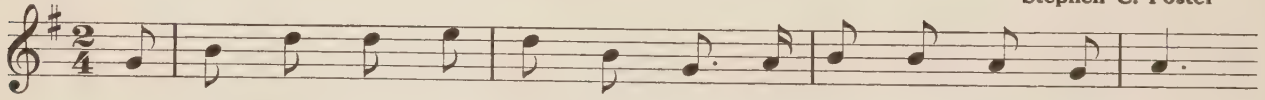
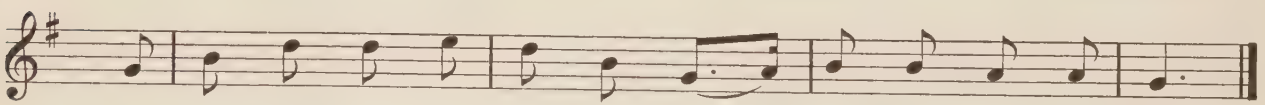
I *Alternate Second*

II *Alternate Second (Bass Staff)*



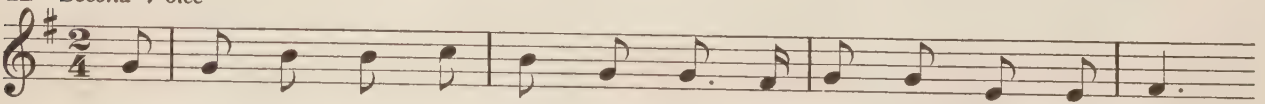


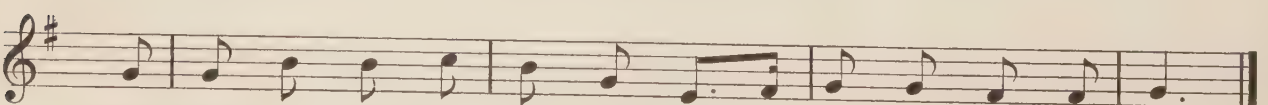
Southern Song

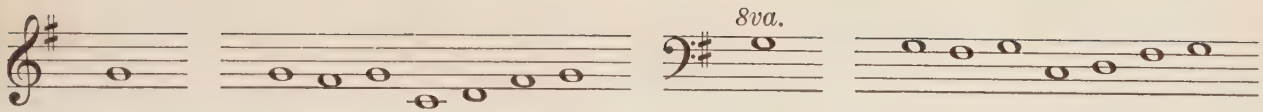
I *First Voice*

Stephen C. Foster



II *Second Voice*

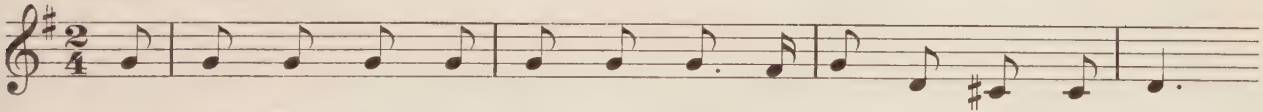


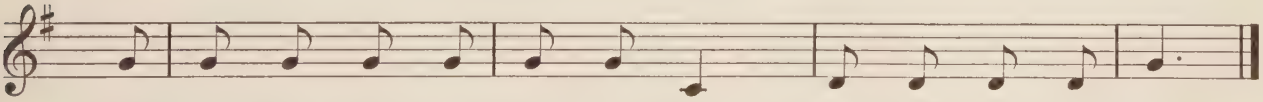




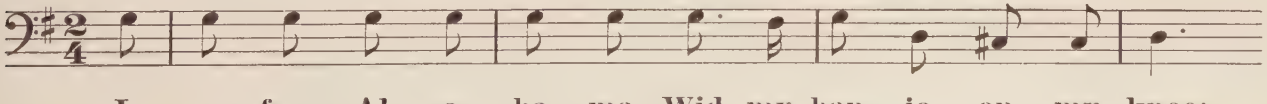
Southern Song

I *Alternate Second*

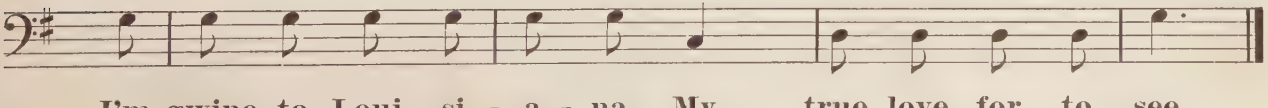


I came from Al - a - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee;

I'm gwine to Loui - si - a - na, My true love for to see.

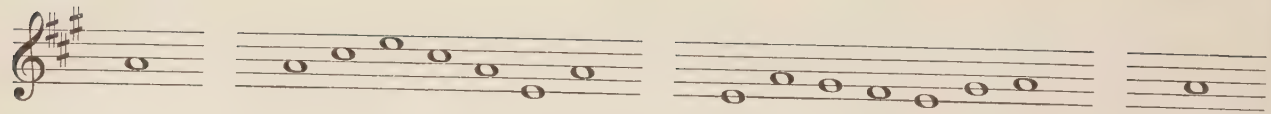
II *Alternate Second* (*Bass Staff*)



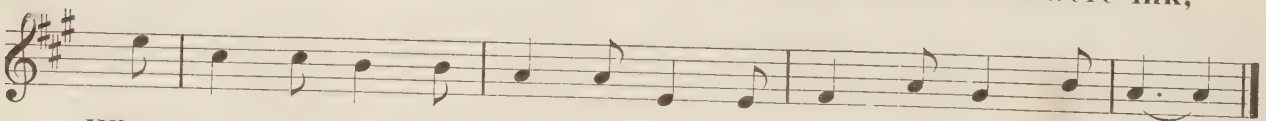
I came from Al - a - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee;

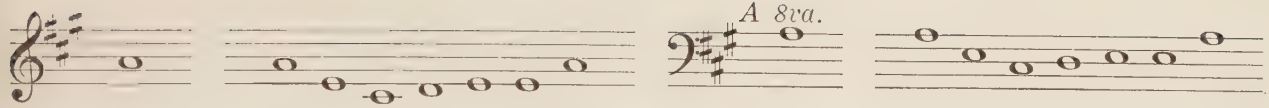


I'm gwine to Loui - si - a - na, My true love for to see.



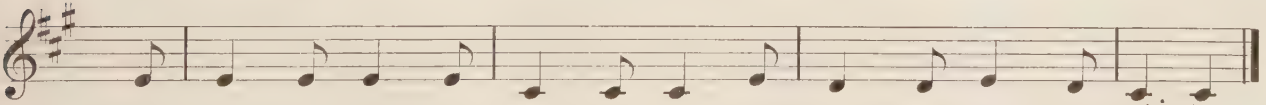
Supposing

I *First Voice*

II *Second Voice*

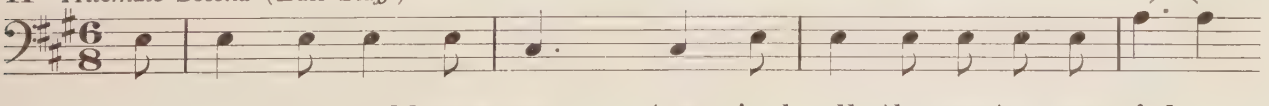


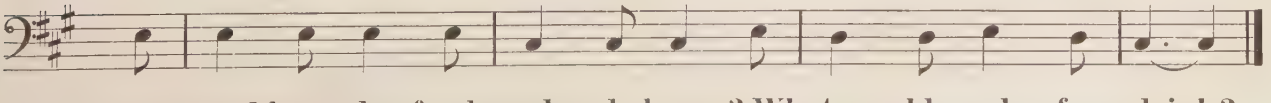
Supposing

I *Alternate Second*

If all the world were wa - ter, And all the wa-ter were ink,

What would we do for bread and cheese? What would we do for drink?

II *Alternate Second* (*Bass Staff*)



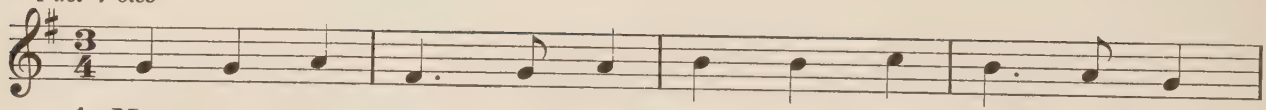
If all the world were wa - ter, And all the wa-ter were ink,

What would we do for bread and cheese? What would we do for drink?

America

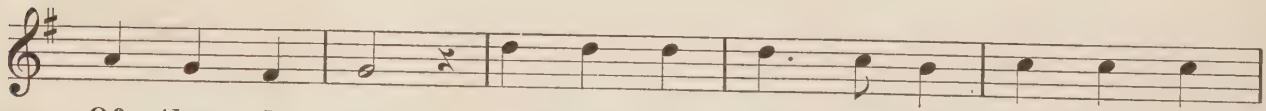
Samuel Francis Smith

Henry Carey

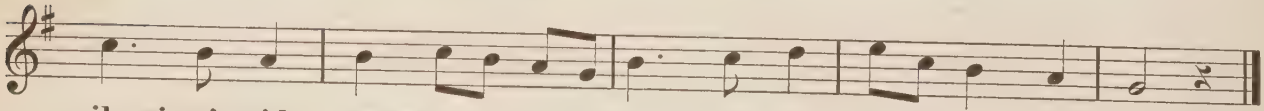
First Voice



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



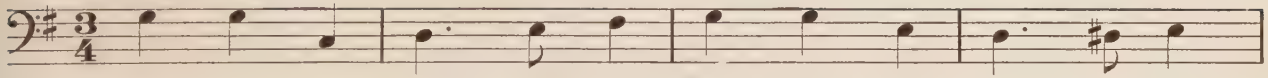
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

America

Second Voice 8va.



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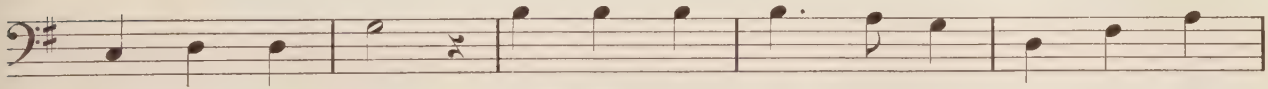
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
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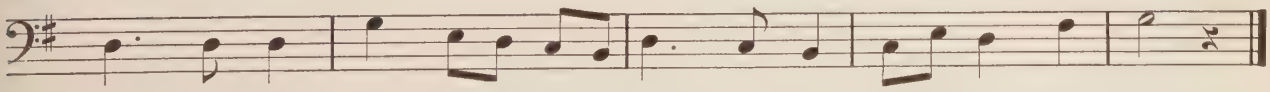
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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I pity the crook
I pity the person
who steals my book.

David Hilbar Todd
5430 Penn St.
City.